

The Freeman

VOL. II. No. 50.

NEW YORK, 23 FEBRUARY, 1921

15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 553

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Assembling the Best Minds, 556
The Riddle of Asia, 556
The Bases of the Five Essentials, 558

Bargaining at Soochow, by James W. Bennett, 558
The Tragi-Comedy of Geneva, by Robert Dell, 559
The Claims of Loyalty, by Harold Stearns, 561
On Being a Black-and-Tan, by Britannicus, 562

MISCELLANY, 564

ART

At an Exhibition of Photography, by Walter Pach, 565

POETRY

To Joseph Severn, by Charles Wharton Stork, 566

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Thackeray's Prophecy, by E. S., 567; The Progress of the Building-Guilds, by Malcolm Sparkes, 567; The Outlook on the Farm, by Burton Rascoe, 567; A "Vulgar Error," by R. L. O., 567; A New Way with the Housing-Problem, by Arne Kildal, 568; The Inconsistencies of Criticism, by Howard Willard Cook, 568; Mr. Colby, Openly Arrived At, by John Bradley, 568

BOOKS

The Rise of Sinn Fein, by Harold Kelloock, 569
That Neighbourly Feeling, by John Gould Fletcher, 571
A Woman of Some Importance, by Mary M. Colum, 572
Impressions and Expressions, by C. Kay Scott, 572
The Christian Socialists, by Richard Roberts, 573
Shorter Notices, 573
Ex Libris, by John Macy, 574

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE Protestant churches of America are in bad odour with the employers of the country. They are suspected of an undue leaning towards labour's side of the open-shop war; and the National Association of Manufacturers has called upon the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ to define its stand in the matter. The manufacturers do not propose, apparently, to contribute their good money to the funds of churches which espouse, however cautiously, the cause of labour; they are determined that their right hand shall be kept informed of what their left hand doeth. If the church in America values its present high standing with the powers of this world, it had better watch its step. It is under suspicion since the Interchurch World Movement was rash enough to tell the truth about the steel strike, and unless it treats of labour-matters with discretion, it may find itself reduced to its ancient status as a proletarian and perhaps a Christian church.

THE National Catholic War Council has left no room for doubt about its stand in the controversy. It has come out flatly against the open-shop campaign. Not that it espouses the principle of the closed shop; it simply realizes that the "open shop," as defined by the most powerful industrial groups, means the ruin of organized labour. It deduces, and in the view of this paper, rightly, from statements of members of the National Manufacturers' Association and of employers in the steel industry, that the immediate concern of employers is to abolish the practice of collective bargaining; and it has the sense to perceive that under an economic system which leaves the worker no freedom to choose his occupation, his only hope of forcing the employer to pay him a living wage, is in effective organization. The very *raison d'être* of labour-organization is the maintenance of collective bargaining. It is exactly this principle which is in question between the railway-executives and the employees of the roads; which is now in question, through the concerted action of employers, all over the country.

THE attitude of the railway-executives towards their employees sets one thinking about Aristotle's doctrine of excess and defect and of virtue as residing in a mean, *in medio jacet virtus*, and so on. No one disparages forehandedness and a thrifty disposition to make all the

hay one can while the sun shines; still, probably there is such a thing as carrying it too far, or rather, perhaps, being in too much of a hurry about it. The railway-executives naturally want to take all possible advantage of the labour-surplus in order not only to cut wages, but to throttle the Brotherhoods; but they are going a bit too fast, and if the Railway Labour Board had not put the brakes on them the other day, they might have provoked a troublesome strike. If we are any judge of men, they may still do so; and that would be bad because skilled railway-labour still stands more or less in a class by itself and can not be replaced overnight without danger and damage to service. The general campaign for the open shop is another matter; it is quite to be expected and it will win. The employer will always win as long as labour is content with trade unionism, and remains blind to measures which would prevent the artificial creation of a labour-surplus. But the railway-executives, being a special class of employers, had better go a little slowly for a while and not put on full steam until they are sure they have a clear track.

LAST week we commented on Dr. Eliot's view of organized education in America, and suggested that it would be a good plan for educators to show freely and fully why the profession of teaching is no more attractive than it now appears to be. We intimated that we had a few notions of our own on the subject, but not belonging to the profession, we thought it better to keep them out of print. The next newspaper that we picked up after writing our comment happened to be the New York *Evening Post* of 7 February. The first page carried an item stating that the Rev. John Haynes Holmes's public forum, which has been held on Sunday evenings at the High School of Commerce ever since the Community Church burned down, had been ousted by order of the Board of Education for countenancing un-American discourse. Turning over to the second page, we found there a Washington dispatch quoting Mr. Henry J. Ryan of Boston, chairman of the Americanism Committee of the American Legion, as declaring before the Legion's executive committee that there are 8000 disloyal teachers in educational institutions in the United States, who must be removed, 2000 of them being in colleges and universities. We are not fastidious, but it strikes us that one good reason for the need of better teachers might possibly be found in the natural indisposition to exercise an honourable profession subject to the meddling of just any illiterate blatherskite who assumes to lay down the law on the subject.

THE foregoing reminds us pleasantly of old Hassler, the able and irascible Swiss whom Andrew Jackson put at the head of the newly-organized Coast Survey. One day when Congress was unusually hard up for some new way to vindicate its character as a public nuisance, it conceived the idea of investigating the progress of the Coast Survey; and accordingly the customary assortment of disabled intellects was told off as a committee and went over to confront Hassler who happened to be unusually busy that day, and unusually waspish. Hassler met them, looked them over in one competent glance, and the following dialogue ensued: "Vat you vant?" "We are a committee appointed to investigate your work." "Vat you know 'bout my vork? Vat you going to 'vestigate, eh?" "But, Mr. Hassler, you don't understand. We are

a committee of Congress, appointed by Congress officially to investigate your work." "Vat Congress know 'bout my work?" roared Hassler, now thoroughly out of temper, "Congress must be vone big vool to send you here to bother me. You get out of here; you in my way." He tumbled them all out pell-mell, slammed the door and locked it, and was never disturbed again.

OUR prohibitionist friends tell us that economic waste was the consideration which finally brought popular opinion into line for the Eighteenth Amendment. Well, that is all right; we are in favour of doing anything in reason to promote efficiency and encourage economy. Now we hear that the British Parliament has put on the statute-books the Rats Act—what a felicitous name!—under which any person harbouring a rat or a mouse on his premises may be fined. This also is excellent; the Biological Survey Bureau has just issued from Washington an estimate that it requires the full-time labour of 200,000 men to maintain the rat-population of the United States. The Bureau's assumption is that there are 100 million rats now enjoying the blessings of American civilization, and that each rat makes away with two dollars worth of foodstuffs per year. These figures seem conservative to us: but no matter, that is a good fault.

WE now desire to see exactly the same mathematical and logical processes applied to the case of politicians and legislators. How many of them are there? How many men's full-time labour, is needed to support them and pay the bills incurred by their ravages? What good do they do, and what harm? What would be the consequences, general and special, if they were all sent back to the wood-pile? Let the country have an impersonal, detached, cold-blooded and thoroughly scientific analysis of this problem, and it will, we guarantee, arouse profound interest. Nothing of the sort, as far as we know, has been attempted. The world at large has always taken politicians and legislators without inquiry, as a sort of expression of the will of God, much as it used to take the small-pox and the Asiatic cholera, or mosquitoes, or, until lately, rats. We ourselves think that the blight of politicians is as preventable a disorder as typhus; but there is no way to determine this without a strictly scientific investigation. We therefore commend the idea to the Biological Survey Bureau and to the universities and graduate schools throughout the land.

IF the Senate accepts the recommendation of the Foreign Relations Committee, to investigate American policy in Central America, the investigating committee will be in for some highly-seasoned entertainment. The latest Black-and-Tan exploit of our marines in Nicaragua is the destruction of a newspaper-plant, because the editor was injudicious enough to print articles which our soldiers of the sea chose to consider libels on themselves. They were a little hasty, it seems, and they are likely to be investigated, court-martialed, and perhaps severely reprimanded and sent home. Mr. Daniels is shocked and pained; he has no patience with "men in uniform who take the law into their own hands." Probably he is right; we are a little hazy in our ethics where subject nations and backward peoples are concerned; but we are under the impression that in such cases it is decidedly the duty of men in uniform to leave the business of law-breaking and anarchistic violence to their civilian superiors, who can give them cards and spades at the game.

WE remarked last week upon the grade of intelligence exhibited by Mr. Francis, late Ambassador to Russia, in his prediction that the Soviet Government would fall before 13 February. Now comes Mr. Arthur Bullard, the well-known writer of fiction and now chief of the State Department's Russian division, telling the House Committee on Foreign Affairs that the Government must extend credit to Russia before trade can be established on any considerable scale; and further, that executions ordered by military tribunals in Russia totalled 1,000 per

month, and that many persons were shot for such offences as drunkenness and disorderly conduct. This, ladies and gentlemen, let us repeat, is Mr. Arthur Bullard, chief of the State Department's Russian division. From such sources does the Congress of the United States get its "information" about the Soviet Government of Russia; and such is the information it gets! Nothing more need be said, which is fortunate because the only comment one can make upon abject imbecility is of the kind that one does not like to make.

ALL-ROUND cancellation of Allied war-debt would cause Great Britain to lose about \$3¾ billion, France about \$5¾ billion and the United States about \$9½ billion. Under these circumstances it was probably unnecessary for the Senate to ask the Secretary of the Treasury any questions about Mr. Austen Chamberlain's statement that the British Government had approached ours on the subject. Still, we think that Mr. Houston's refusal to reply was contumacious, and that the people of the country ought to take a lively interest in whatever it is that our bureaucrats are up to just now; for \$9½ billion is a good deal for our taxpayers and rent-payers to make up. Naturally, we all like to give our neighbours a lift now and then, but this proposal of all-round cancellation seems to us to be overdoing the thing. The size of it is that with France bearing the heaviest burden of spoliation and the United States (if it so turns out) doing the hefty paying, Great Britain takes all the loot that is worth having, gets her great trade-rival out of the way and has a head-start over all commercial competitors. England, we know, in her optimistic moments expects every man to do his duty, and one hates to make a vulgar fuss about a matter like \$9 billion; still, when one looks at the facts, one is tempted to pull a long and rueful face.

THE proverb has it that there are several ways to skin a cat, and the news of the week has developed an ingenious device for beating the peace treaty. About 1,300 cows have been sent to Germany by American farmers; and these are not given outright, but leased to the Germans at a rental of one mark per year—something under two cents, United States currency. Thus they, and we presume their progeny also, remain American property and can not legally be cabbaged by the rapacious French Government. We say "legally" because our impression is that they will be taken anyhow, and that the scheme will not work; although we sincerely hope it will, both for the sake of the Germans and on account of its excellent ingenuity.

IF there were such a thing as civilized warfare, we submit that the practice of holding hostages should have no place in its code. We were against that practice when the despicable and bloodthirsty Hun exercised it in Belgium, and we are still against it now that the enlightened and Christian Government of Mr. Lloyd George is exercising it in Ireland. On 6 February all the males between the ages of sixteen and forty were rounded up as they left the churches of Queenstown—a nice appropriate time for such an operation!—and several hundred of them herded into barracks, where they were told off into groups of six. Each group was given a number and a date, and informed that if any British forces were ambuscaded within two miles of Queenstown, the group bearing the date of the ambushade would be held responsible. If the Germans are naturally savages, as was the view once quite widely held in these parts, one could hardly perhaps expect better of them; but on the part of a Government that has so largely advertised itself as representing everything that is civilized and humane, such proceedings give one something of a jolt, *nicht wahr?*

THE English railwaymen are threatening a strike in protest against the shooting by the police of some of their Irish brethren in the County Cork; they passed a resolution at Leeds, 9 February, that unless the Govern-

ment granted an inquiry by 15 February, they would call a general strike. This is a good idea and we hope it will be carried out; though it takes a deal of courage on our part to say so, because we are in such dread lest some imaginative brother should see in our words a blanket-indorsement of the strike-principle or of trade unionism or of some system of unsectarian religion, perhaps—one never knows what. It seems to us, however, that a general strike on the English railways would help to focus unfavourable attention on the Government's reckless and criminal policy in Ireland; and, in particular, upon the special phase of that policy displayed in the assassination of the Irish railwaymen. In that belief we are all for the proposed strike, until we hear of some sufficient reason for supposing that it would do more harm than good.

THEY say that Sir Auckland Geddes found it extremely difficult to hold the attention of his mercurial chief to some of the painful subjects that have been troubling the ambassadorial mind of late. One pictures our gallant knight chasing the elusive Welshman from pillar to post and occasionally catching up with him long enough to pour into his ear a confusion about (1) oil and Mr. Colby, (2) the ex-German cables, (3) Anglo-American naval rivalry, (4) the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, (5) Ireland, (6) Mr. Harding and the League of Nations, (7) the repayment of debts; while all the time Mr. Lloyd George was thinking hard about his dear M. Briand and M. Krassin and the unemployment crisis and Indian unrest and half a hundred other things. It strikes an onlooker that if Sir Auckland was seeking to bring back a workable formula for even one of the points at issue between the two countries he ought to have provisioned himself for a long siege of No. 10 Downing Street.

If Molière could come back, say, to a Chamber of Commerce dinner, and could once really get through his head the notion of law'n order that one sometimes hears expounded on such occasions, he could make his everlasting fortune. Frank McDonald, another important witness in the fragrant case of Tom Mooney who is now in prison for blowing up a street-parade in San Francisco in 1916, has owned up that District-Attorney Fickert induced him to perjure himself in his identification of Mooney; and he makes at least the fifth or sixth witness for the State who has made a similar confession. Let's see—1916—that was about the time, wasn't it, that we were getting ready to show the world, and Germany in particular, what high-pressure ideals of humanity, democracy, right and justice this country could stand up under without straining itself? Not being Molières, we will say no more. Nor, candidly, do we wish Molière back; for between anarchist officials and anarchist mobs, American life is to-day altogether too spirited and strenuous an affair for civilized newcomers, even though they hail from the other world. One has really to be born to it in order to enjoy it. Intending visitors, whether from heaven or from civilized regions of this earth, would do well to take down Mark Twain's "Sketches" and read his spirited little allegory called "Journalism in Tennessee," and then prudently remain where they are.

OUR sympathy goes forth bountifully to the Governor of the commonwealth of New York, who recently addressed a most uncomplimentary speech to the League of Women Voters, and immediately thereafter retired to the Executive Mansion for rest and reparation. The Governor dislikes the League because he thinks that it may spoil the game of partisan politics as it is played in these parts. Strange as it may seem, we are partners in the emotions of this elder statesman, not out of any solicitude for the system he upholds, but because we are bound to believe that the mixing of sex-action with political action can only make a bad mess somewhat worse. A certain regard for human rights naturally disposes us to favour the elimination of all the legal disabilities that have hitherto been lodged against the women-folk. Yet behind all the

talk of women's rights, there is the naïve assumption that when women have come into a full share of all that men have now, they will be rich indeed. Flattering as this assumption is to frayed-out masculinity, an examination of the lean inheritance of the male will hardly bear it out.

WHEN our feminists have gotten all that they are after, they will still be some little distance this side of Paradise, and in the meantime they will no doubt have succeeded in creating a new set of sex-antagonisms and prejudices. Thus there is not only a lack of final utility in the objects of the struggle, but madness in a method which still depends upon sex-emphasis rather than sex-forgetfulness. For our own part, we have been for a long time so much interested in humanism that we haven't had much time for feminism. In fact, we like to think that the world is populated pretty largely by people whose chief concern is neither the sports' page, nor "hints-to-housewives," but other matters that are neither masculine nor feminine, but just plain human. Obviously there is small place in this kind of world for burlesque shows, or the highly differential clothing that all the college presidents have been talking about of late; but indeed there is just as little room for those sex-crusaders who would have people masculine and feminine first, and human only afterwards.

IF the New York *Evening Post* will accept a little free advertising from us, we should like to recommend Mr. Winthrop D. Lane's war-correspondence from the coal-mining regions of West Virginia, which that journal is now running. It is quite the best thing on the subject that we have read, and as good a piece of reporting as could be done. West Virginia is in a state of civil war; and if anyone will survey the facts as Mr. Lane presents them, and then say how matters can be mended short of confiscating the economic rent of natural resources, he is just the man that everybody wants to see. The operators would give almost anything to see him; the miners would like to see him; so should we; and we fancy that Mr. Lane and the *Evening Post* might also enjoy a glimpse of him, if only to see what such a gifted being looks like.

WHILE speaking of the *Evening Post*, let us say too how grateful we are to it for checking up a howler which we perpetrated in our issue of 9 February, when we expressed in dollars instead of marks the annual payments demanded of Germany by the recent conference of Premiers. The *Post* picked this up and had no end of fun with it, in which our readers may join if they will send for the *Post's* issue of 12 February. Billions, we confess, whether in marks or dollars, are beyond us; and we feel sometimes like making a virtue of our weakness, as Joseph Chamberlain did when Mr. Asquith once broached a rousing blunder in one of his fiscal calculations. "Figures?" he said. "Figures? I only use figures for purposes of illustration." Indeed, the *Evening Post's* article even ascribes some such principle to us, which is a further credit to its perspicacity.

O LIBERTY! Liberty! how many bonds have been issued in thy name!

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

Editors—Francis Neilson and Albert Jay Nock. Associate editors—Van Wyck Brooks, Walter G. Fuller, Clara La Follette and Gerold Robinson. Published weekly by THE FREEMAN, Inc., B. W. Huebsch, President, 116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. Copyright, 1921, by THE FREEMAN, Inc., 23 February, 1921. Vol. II, No. 50. Entered as second-class matter March 12, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

ASSEMBLING THE BEST MINDS.

THE press is showing signs of impatience with Mr. Harding for his slowness in announcing his appointments to the Cabinet; yet we can not see wherein the matter is of any importance to the public at large, as long as the present mode of choosing the Cabinet remains in force. The Cabinet, like the tariff, is now a local issue; this or that special interest would fare better, or thinks it would, if this or that man were appointed to hold this or that portfolio. This consideration and one other; namely, the discharge of political debt, are the only ones which have any determining force in the choice of a Cabinet. There is no use in mincing words about this. It is a very pleasant and exhilarating exercise to imagine Mr. Harding patiently undergoing long hours of cogitation in company of "the best minds in the country," and knitting his brows over the tremendous question whether Mr. X. or Mr. Y. is the abler man and better qualified to serve the country, say, as Secretary of State; but Mr. Harding is doing nothing of the kind. He has certain political obligations to satisfy; and he has certain interests, commercial, industrial and financial, which he must as far as possible, accommodate. The "best minds in the country" are merely a crew of special advocates; one set of them is moved by the belief that things will go better, say, with international banking if Mr. X. is appointed; another set, by the belief that the oil-business will look up if Mr. Y. is appointed; and so it goes. Years ago, in McKinley's first term, Mr. Doolley, one of the wisest of men and never half properly appreciated for his wisdom, wrote out his observations on choosing a Cabinet. They were sound then and still are sound.

The President-elect, in short, chooses his Cabinet without the slightest regard to the interests of the country at large; without regard for anything except political obligations and a kind of resultant among many diverse special interests. This is no disparagement; he can not do otherwise under the system imposed upon him. We can not see, therefore, why the country at large should concern itself—as, indeed, it does not much appear to be doing—with Mr. Harding's tardiness about announcing his appointments or with the personnel of the waiting-list. Certainly, none of the names so far canvassed by the newspapers for positions in the Cabinet is such as commands the interest of the people as a people. If one or another is appointed, experienced persons can make a pretty clear forecast of what he will do, and what it is intended he shall do, in this or that set of special relations; or they can with tolerable certainty lay a finger on the political obligation that the appointment recognizes. But there is no great profit or satisfaction in this for the individual, and it is nothing to attract the attention of the country as a whole.

To make this clear to one's own mind, one has but to consider the outgoing Cabinet. Is there a single one of Mr. Wilson's appointments which could by any conjuration be construed as made with even half an eye to the interest of the country as a whole? Who and what was Mr. Daniels, Mr. Burleson, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Garrison, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Lansing, Mr. Bainbridge Colby, Mr. Houston? Is there among these a single name upon which a disinterested person would fasten as in any conceivable way eligible whether by ability, intelligence, culture, special training, integrity of purpose, or extra-parochial experience, to discharge

the functions of a public servant under a democracy? Is there a single one of these appointments which is in any kind of reason referable to any but the considerations which we have mentioned as being determining factors in the choice of a Cabinet? We think it almost incredible.

It seems to us that much more than in the personnel of Mr. Harding's Cabinet or any other, the public should be interested in our general parliamentary system under which the executive heads of our Departments are permitted to come together as an absolutely irresponsible body. We have spoken about this before. Why trouble about the choice of one man or another for a position in the Cabinet as long as the Cabinet itself bears not the faintest trace of responsibility to the elected representatives of the people? We are not for political government of any kind; we are, as Mr. Robert Dell excellently says in his article on another page, for abolishing the sovereign State and making a country merely an administrative area. But as long as a political system is maintained, why not have as good a system as possible? The English system of a responsible Cabinet, chosen from the party majority in the House and responsible to it, is in certain respects, as we pointed out in our issue of 15 December, much better than ours. The practicability of introducing this system was discussed in the Sixty-third Congress, and Senators Blaine, Voorhees and Allison, with others, signed a report in its favour. If our people wish to concern themselves with Cabinets, we beg to suggest once more that it is the theory and system of Cabinet-making that might profitably interest them, rather than the trivial matter of whether Mr. Quirk, Mr. Gammon or Mr. Snap is likely to be appointed to the portfolio of State.

THE RIDDLE OF ASIA.

IN these times the Industrial Revolution is commonly thought of as a finished episode of history, ready now to be analysed, evaluated, and shelved along with such antiquities as the Crusades, the Renaissance and the Reformation. As a matter of fact, it may be said with at least a show of reason that this revolution is still in full swing in Western Europe and in the United States; and certainly it is true that the thousand million inhabitants of the continent of Asia have as yet been hardly touched by its influence. If this revolution is destined to produce in Asia a series of changes as fundamental as those which have already occurred in Europe, then as a world-movement it has no more than begun, and the discussion of its most important effects is still the business of the prophet rather than the historian.

In the material conditions of Asia there is the promise of early developments of the most profound significance. Of the five factors named by Mr. J. A. Hobson as necessary for the rise of the system of production which has characterized the Industrial Revolution, three are already present in varying measure in the East, the fourth is being supplied by Europeans, and the fifth factor alone remains an uncertain quantity. The conditions already fulfilled in Asia are: first, the production of wealth not required to satisfy the current wants of its owners; second, the existence of a labour-surplus, here more abundant than that created in England by the Enclosures; and third, the presence of large and accessible markets. The fourth factor includes all those mechanical devices and industrial processes which have been so highly developed in the West, and the fifth is an im-

ponderable which Mr. Hobson has called "the capitalistic spirit."

Since Asia has long possessed by inheritance the three comparatively static prerequisites for the Revolution—wealth, labour and markets—and is now accepting, under pressure of economic necessity, the first of the new dynamic factors, it may be said that all the material conditions for the Revolution are already present. Thus, the Orient is being swept into a movement, the character and results of which seem to depend almost entirely upon the quality of Asia's non-material importations from Europe, and the extent to which Asiatic and European influences operate to modify in Asia the spirit which tolerated all the horrors of the earlier stages of the Industrial Revolution in the West.

When we speak of the results of this movement, we refer distinctly to its results for Asia. While it is true that economic changes may restore the balance which has held against Asia since the Middle Ages, and thus set once more in motion towards Europe "the rising tide of colour," such a result would be, after all, a by-product. The question of primary and planetary importance is this: what will be the direct effect of the new material civilization upon the life of *the Asiatics themselves*? For the future history of the world as a whole, it is perhaps impossible to frame at this time a question more profoundly significant than this.

In the attitude of the four representative peoples of Asia towards the material and non-material achievements of the West one may discover some hint as to the use that the Orientals will ultimately make of the tremendous new forces that are now in process of generation. We hazard our remarks on this subject in the full consciousness that it is impossible for any casual commentator to speak with authority in such broad terms and upon such uncertain issues as these; and yet it seems to us that in common report and the common understanding of Asiatic affairs, evidence of certain broadly significant tendencies may be discovered.

It is extremely unsafe to hazard any generalization which refers to the people of India as one people, and yet we feel that we are on fairly safe ground when we say that India has submitted to, rather than desired, the importation of new machines and new methods of production, while the articulate elements of her population have shown themselves somewhat interested in Western ideas of political democracy, though comparatively indifferent to the balance of European thought. If this tendency holds, the natural result will be a long period of *political* experimentation, first under British sovereignty and then perhaps by the natives, during which time India will enjoy more than a full measure of all the evils that England suffered early in the nineteenth century.

Of Turkey, one can say nothing definite at the moment, although the situation was fairly clear in *ante-bellum* days. At that time, the dominant group was extremely hospitable to European materialism, and more specifically to the industrial efficiency and the political centralization of Germany. With Japan, the case was, and is, much the same, except that here the initiative has come definitely from the native governing class, who have borrowed indiscriminately such elements of European civilization as promised to serve their interests. In the case of Japan, more clearly than in that of Turkey, the tendency has been to import the mechanism and the materialism of the Industrial Revolution, with none of the correctives

that bitter experience has suggested to the Europeans of our own time. Thus it is perfectly natural that the Japanese people should be undergoing at the present moment a plague of progress and poverty, very much like that which once devastated Lancashire and Yorkshire. Nor is there any substantial relief in prospect, for in Japan more even than in Germany, the Industrial Revolution is the work of the Government, and the remedies most likely to be tried, when conditions become altogether unendurable, are obviously those of State socialism.

With China the case is hardly so clear. Here the new machines and the new methods of the West have no single official promoter like the British Government in India or the Autocracy in Japan; indifference to politics is said to be once more rather general, as a consequence of the disappointing experiences of the revolt against the Manchus; and upon the whole the country seems to exhibit still that easy and natural anarchism in economic and political affairs which is considered to have been always somewhat characteristic of the Chinese.

Under such circumstances, partly of its own creation, it is only natural that the Chinese student-movement should have turned now from its early political interests to miscellaneous adventures of the intellect. Two years ago there were only one or two journals published in vernacular Chinese, while to-day there are more than three hundred. This change does not involve the abandonment of a classical international language, such as Latin once was in Europe; it means the substitution of one Chinese language understood by millions, for another that is read by a comparatively small class. The students have interested themselves also in the importation of a variety of European ideas which have as little as possible to do with the working out of the Industrial Revolution according to the old and ruinous plan. The journals of the student-movement teem with articles on socialism, communism and anarchism, as well as on more erudite subjects, and indeed the students seem to have centred their attention upon those particular phases of Western life and thought that have been most studiously avoided by the Mikado's official importers.

If the students of China will only concentrate their attention for a while upon these non-material offerings of Europe, they will discover some evidence of discontent with the use that has been made of the vast powers generated there by the Industrial Revolution, and an occasional expression of doubt concerning the ability of the political State to control these powers for the public good. They will know in advance, as Europe could not have known, that an increase in productivity is not always accompanied by an increase in well-being, but sometimes by its exact opposite. When they have meditated upon these things, and have considered also the demonstration of the Russian Marxians themselves that nothing is inevitable, not even the course of Marxian evolution and revolution, they may be tempted to seek earnestly for economic solutions of the economic problems that rest with steadily increasing weight upon the shoulders of the Chinese people.

With the Powers pressing round and driving China to centralization or subjection, just as these same Powers have driven Soviet Russia to the one as a protection against the other, the student-movement is not much to pin one's faith to; but one must perforce have something of the sort, and from this end of Asia to the other, there is little else that one may conveniently lay hold of.

THE BASES OF THE FIVE ESSENTIALS.

WHEN we look back to that remote period immediately following the announcement of the armistice-terms, when all the world was talking about a lasting peace and reconstruction and the dawn of a new era, we recall the unanimity with which most people at that time believed that at least five specific reforms were essential to the upbuilding of the new world: 1. A peace based on reason and justice. 2. The abolition of economic, commercial and financial imperialism. 3. The removal of tariff-barriers. 4. The abolition of armaments. 5. The abolition of secret diplomacy.

These were regarded as lofty aims, it is true; but after all those years of sorrow, who could dare ask for less? The common people of all countries were not alone in believing that the new era would at once be ushered in with the achievement of these reforms; but men in high places, leaders of opinion, declared these aims to be a practical residuum of good precipitated from all the evil that the world had so long endured. Even those who were sceptical of the large promise of a new world were ready to accept the smaller promise of a new Europe. So much, at least, was considered to be within the sphere of practical politics, even of the kind in vogue in Paris during the spring of 1919. Indeed, so confident were the reconstructionists that they were content to leave to their so-called representatives in Paris the whole business of building the new era and even the lesser task of making a new Europe. The treaty of peace was an unconscionable time coming, just as it now is an unconscionable time dying, but when at last its terms were made public the world was not slow to realize that the five essentials were not there, nor any faint hint or promise of them.

One would hesitate to go back over all this old ground and restate these too well-known facts, were it not that signs are abroad of a revival of that same blind and simple-minded optimism which was displayed by the reconstructionists and reformers in the days of the armistice. Now as then, the exercise of ordinary observation and common-sense, the willingness to see and to acknowledge that two and two make four, is disparaged as mere calamity-mongering. This state of affairs is as preposterous as it is vicious. Everyone will agree that there was never such need as there is to-day for cheerfulness and hope; that now is the time beyond all others for the exercise of the utmost patience, equanimity and tenacity of purpose; but these qualities must spring from something more substantial than mere illusion, and must be nourished on something more satisfying than the west wind. It is to enforce this truth that one may quite properly even at this late day recall the temper of the armistice-period, and remind oneself of what came of that temper in the end.

To begin with, there is little merit in a peace which lacks all five of the essentials upon which alone a new Europe can be built. After the recent meeting at Geneva any surviving faith in the League of Nations has to whistle hard to keep its courage up. What, then, have those who are making such a specialty of cheerfulness to suggest for the rescue of Europe from the devastation that has been wrought upon it by the old system? If anybody still wants the five essentials why be so much annoyed when told that they are not being had? If, however, these things are no longer regarded as the essentials of reconstruction, this paper would be unfeignedly glad to know what better proposals can be suggested. For ourselves, we still

believe the five essentials to be pretty good for a beginning; and so far are we from being annoyed with those who tell us that we are not getting them, that we are even eager to listen to anyone who can tell us how to discover a way that looks towards their attainment.

The first constructive suggestion that seems to make directly towards this end, is that all of us should acquire a very much better knowledge of the economic system which alone makes war possible. Other than this knowledge, there is no durable foundation for the five essentials, and this foundation is not yet laid. We need to know how diplomacy, secret and aggressive in its economic and commercial commitments, fosters the growth of armaments, and through a servile press spreads envy, hatred and malice on every hand. Suppose, again, that we were to turn our attention to the question of tariff-barriers and try to understand their bearing upon the other four of our five essentials. We should soon come to learn that the frontier-question is a tariff-question. Here in this country, the greatest free-trade area in the world, there are no tariff-barriers between any two of the States, and thus we have no frontiers in the European sense. Frontiers in that sense call for armies as coast-lines call for navies; these frontiers, indeed, demand all the unproductive services of military and naval systems.

Another important fact calling for close observation is the desire of nations with tariffs and frontiers to exploit the natural resources of other nations possessing tariffs and frontiers: for example, France and Germany, in the matter of ore and coal. The little pamphlet "Where Iron is, there is the Fatherland" reveals the interplay of the great international exploiting interests that foment wars—the secret interests that have for twenty or thirty years fought in bitter rivalry for control of the diplomacy of Europe.

Again, let any man or woman take an uncoloured map of the United States, and over it pin a map of Europe; then with a hard-pointed pencil go over all the frontier-lines of European countries, and observe the tracings left upon the map of the United States. Notice the size of the divisions, the multiplicity of frontiers, and think of the tariffs, the armies, the navies, the chancelleries, the international concessionaires; and then imagine what would be going on here if our country were split up in such a way, and what the frame of mind of our citizenry would be under such disabilities.

These are only a few preliminary considerations for those Americans who are really in earnest in their desire for a positive constructive programme, to put their minds on. There are deeper things, such as the economic question of land-reform, upon which all other modes of privilege depend, but these that we have named are sufficient to give a sense of the direction in which our minds must work if we are ever to establish the five essentials of a new world.

BARGAINING AT SOOCHOW.

THE shrill voices of the traffickers echoed and re-echoed through the temple. Lively, even acrimonious dealings were going on in paper prayers (for burning), amulets, luck josses. Overshadowing the scene was the great Buddha. His affable face, calm, changeless, sardonic, looked down upon the noisy pygmy people, seventy feet below. A woman stood at the base of his pedestal, bowing repeatedly, while her child gazed with unwinking eyes upon the stupendous mass of gilded stucco that represented omnipotence.

In one corner of the temple was a stall displaying a score of hanging scrolls on which were painted snow scenes, castles, birds, portraits. Some of the paintings were but gaudy daubs; others were fairly good copies of Chinese masterpieces. Three cowed figures, with eager eyes, custodians of the shrine,

stood ready to sell these efforts of brush and crayon. Among the scrolls I noticed one on which was painted, in heroic size, the figure of Yet Hwin, the disciple of that ageless moulder of Chinese thought, Confucius. It surprised me to find this portrait in a Buddhist temple, for the religion of Buddha differs as radically from Confucianism as Christianity from Sun-worship. The portrait seemed large, despite the dwarfing effect of the lofty walls of the tabernacle that rose to dim heights above the goateed face of the mediæval sage. I felt a collector's urge to purchase the scroll.

"How muchee?" I asked.

"One hundred dollah!"

"What!! Why, you robber!"

The priest smiled. "No, no—velly goodee joss. You catchee sick; him makum well."

"Yes, I know all about that, but it b'long very poor painting. You make price right; mebbeso I buy. Now, how muchee?"

"Fitty dollah!"

"Ah-ha, not so goodee joss now! I give you fifty cents."

"Oh—ah! Oh—Ah! I no b'long robber—you, robber! I makee you las' price. I loosee money—ten dollah!"

And now behold! A crowd had miraculously collected about us. A moment before, the grey room, with its slit-eyed, far-seeing Buddha, had seemed to be empty, but from a score of hidden crannies a throng of smiling celestials appeared. They loved a bargain and wished to see the foolish foreigner cheated. They waited, calmly secure in the knowledge that he would be.

"Fifty cents!"

"Five dollah!"

"Fifty cents!"

"Oh—ah, such a greatee big joss! I velly poor man—four dollah!"

"One dollah!" from me. The crowd laughed. Some one who understood pidgin-English had rapidly translated the fact that the foreigner had raised his price. There was a ring of yellow, grinning faces about me. They reached back, ten deep.

"Four dollah—las' price!"

"One dollah fitty!"

Another word of translation and the mob broke into shouts. I was standing on a little platform, and I could see people running from various booths in the courtyard of the temple. Inside, a hundred staring eyes were gazing intently upon me. I became conscious of an extreme disinclination to delay my departure.

"One dollar and eighty cents, no more!"

The priest dressed in filthy, grease-stained robes, his bared head bald in patches, gazed at me keenly. "Yo' las' price? You givee me two dollah?"

I knew I had made the purchase, so, with a gesture, I stepped down from the platform, as though leaving.

He grasped my arm. "Allee! Allee light! Can do! Can do!"

The sale was completed. The populace shouted and laughed and shouted again. The priest smiled ever so slightly. There was the same crafty twist to his mouth that was carved into the face of the great Buddha. "Mastar, you b'long plente smart. You catchum velly goodee price. But mebbeso—if you had waitee two, t'ree minute, p'rhaps so you could have catchum you' joss man fo' fitty cent!"

JAMES W. BENNETT.

THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF GENEVA.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR has said that the League of Nations runs a greater danger from those who expect it to do too much than from the sceptics. Nobody will accuse the Geneva Assembly of having tried to do too much and nobody has done more than Mr. Balfour to prevent it from doing anything. He was sent to Geneva to throttle the Assembly and to maintain the supreme authority of the Council, and he fulfilled his task with the utmost tact and skill. I have never seen a more perfect type of what the French call a *faux bonhomme*. Not once did he lose his genial urbanity, not once was the mailed fist revealed under the velvet glove until the very last day of the session, when Lord Robert Cecil's report on the question of mandates so much upset the British representative that for once he let himself go, bluntly told the

Assembly to mind its own business, said in effect that the Council did not care a damn what the Assembly thought about mandates, and hinted that if the Assembly did not behave itself, it would come into conflict with the Council and there would be an end of the League.

I do not know what made Mr. Balfour let the cat out of the bag in this way. If it was deliberate, it was a tactical blunder. More probably it was a lapse of temper due to the unpleasant weather or to the effects of a long series of official lunches and dinners. In any case his speech was a precious indication to all that have ears to hear. The scarcely-veiled menace that Britain will smash the League unless she is allowed to dominate it and dictate to it, revealed the conception that the "Principal Allied and Associated Powers" have of the League and the Assembly. That conception is, indeed, plainly written in the Covenant, which puts all the real power in the hands of the Council. The Assembly was intended to give the other nations the illusion that they have an effective voice in the counsels of the League, and the peoples of the world the illusion that the League is a democratic institution. The most satisfactory thing about Mr. Balfour's outburst is the fact that he was moved to make it, for it shows his consciousness that the Assembly was beginning—very tentatively and very timidly—to kick against the pricks, and that the policy of the new Holy Alliance may sooner or later encounter certain obstacles. For that reason, the end of the Geneva conference left me for the first time with a faint hope that, after all, something may come of the League.

The only thing that the Assembly has done that is likely to be of the smallest use is the formation of the so-called "technical organizations"—the standing committees dealing respectively with economic and financial questions, with health, and with transportation and communication, which are to act between now and next September, when the Assembly will meet again. The formation of international organizations to deal with these matters is an event with great potentialities, although they can not really be effective until the various nations have permanent representatives at Geneva. For the rest, what the Assembly has done is mostly mere pretence, but even if it had done absolutely nothing, it would not have been entirely useless. It is distinctly to the good that for the first time in history forty-two nations have been represented not by professional diplomatists meeting in secret conclave, but by men who, in the great majority of cases, were not professional diplomatists, meeting in public. But perhaps the best thing about the Assembly is that it has brought Europe into closer touch with Asia and America. The European delegates have learned that countries like Argentina and Brazil, China and Japan, count, and will count more and more in international affairs. Their easy assumption of the superiority of the European races must also have been rudely shaken. The Chinese and Japanese were among the ablest and best-informed of the delegates. Compared with them, the delegates of Australia, Canada and New Zealand, for instance, were children, or at least primitives. Their ignorance of the world outside their own colony was complete, whereas the Chinese and Japanese showed a thorough knowledge of international questions. So, by the way, did M. Doret, the delegate for Haiti, quite one of

the most enlightened members of the Assembly in every way. It is very satisfactory that a representative of China has taken the place of a Greek on the Council, in spite of the desperate efforts of the French delegation to get the seat for a Rumanian or Czecho-Slovakian. One of the most remarkable phenomena of our time is the marvelous renaissance of the oldest civilization in the world. China has a great future as well as a great past. Her policy at Geneva was progressive and enlightened. All her influence will be on the side of peace and international reconciliation, and we must see to it that she is not interfered with by European or Asiatic imperialisms.

I suppose that there was only one true internationalist in the Assembly—M. Lafontaine, the Belgian Socialist senator, whose courage, activity and adherence to principles are beyond praise. Mr. Branting left his socialism and internationalism outside the doors of the Assembly. He was the drag on the Scandinavian delegations and his weakness is in large measure responsible for their disappointing failure to fulfill their promise of the early days of the session. But, although the delegates were not internationalists, there grew up unconsciously in the Assembly, outside the British, French and Japanese delegations, a sense of international solidarity. Above all, the Assembly instinctively began to regard itself as the sovereign organ of the League. This feeling will inevitably grow, and at the next session of the Assembly there will undoubtedly be a conflict between the Assembly and the Council which will end either in the defeat of the Council or the break-up of the League. That conflict, which will, in effect, be one between the "Principal Allied and Associated Powers" on the one hand, and the rest of the world on the other, is necessary, for the League can never be of any use—indeed it will be positively dangerous—until the domination of Great Britain is broken, until every nation is admitted into the League as a matter of course and the Council becomes a mere Executive entirely elected by the Assembly. In proclaiming the necessity of those changes, the Argentine delegation expressed the real opinion of the vast majority of the Assembly.

II

In the matter for which the League was supposed to be primarily created, the prevention of war, the Geneva Assembly did nothing, unless the establishment of a "Court of International Justice" without any powers be considered something. It could do nothing under the present Covenant, for the Governments of England and France were determined that nothing should be done. British influence was predominant in Geneva; not that the majority of the delegates submitted to it willingly; far from it. The British Empire was very much disliked, but it was also very much feared. The lack of courage increased as the session proceeded. When it was found that unanimity could not be obtained in committee on any given question, the fight was in nearly every case abandoned when the matter came before the Assembly.

Had the Assembly shown more courage, it would have won greater respect. For instance, on the question of obligatory jurisdiction for the International Court—which involved the question whether the Court should be a reality or a sham—

the British Empire, France, and Japan were opposed to all the rest of the Assembly, except Greece! In my opinion, the majority would have done well to throw out the whole scheme rather than agree to such a sham, and thus to make the three great Powers take their responsibility before the world; but it need not have gone so far as that; an amendment conferring obligatory jurisdiction on the Court could have been moved, and though it would not have been adopted, since there would not have been unanimity, it would have been supported by an overwhelming majority of the delegates, and the moral effect would have been great.

France was, perhaps, less disliked than the British Empire, because nobody was afraid of her; everybody recognized that, without British support, she would be a second-class Power, and that, ultimately, she would always have to choose between submission to British policy on the one hand, and isolation on the other. There was a little group of French satellites in the Assembly, of which the most faithful were the Polish, Rumanian and Greek delegations; the last of which, of course, did not count since it represented the defunct Venizelos regime. Czecho-Slovakia and that monstrosity, the "Serb-Croat-Slovene State," were also more or less attached to France, and Brazil was supposed to be to some extent under French influence. But, whenever France took a line of her own without British support, she was beaten. One example of this was the election of the non-permanent members of the Council, when the French protégé, Rumania, received only seven votes. Another was the senseless French opposition to the motion asking Governments not to increase their armaments during a period of two years, and this, after Mr. Fisher, of the British delegation, had carefully explained that it meant nothing and bound nobody. On that occasion only six delegations supported France, and two of them are said to have done so only because they regarded the motion as humbug. The French delegation acted in this matter on formal instructions from Paris, and M. Millerand's heavy hand may, no doubt, be traced in a blunder that shocked the Assembly.

Had Italy been backed by the States that would have liked to back her, things would, perhaps, have been different. Italian policy was progressive and enlightened throughout the session and its whole tendency was towards international reconciliation and peace. No doubt this attitude was dictated by self-interest, but at any rate it is enlightened self-interest, which is more than can be said of French policy, and it happens to coincide with the interest of the world at large. If Italy is now ruled by men with the sense to see that universal free trade would be to the advantage of Italy, that the continuance of an imperialist policy will ruin the country, and that Italian interests will not be served by the annihilation of Germany and Central Europe, so much the better for Italy and everybody else. French animosity against Italy was very evident in the Assembly, and French propaganda has begun an anti-Italian press-campaign, which will no doubt spread to other countries. Certain Swiss papers have already published articles suggesting that Italy is dominated by Germany, and the report has been circulated in Geneva that Italy and Germany concluded a secret alliance six months ago, in which Communist Russia will eventually be included. I have even been gravely assured that the

Italian Government is in league with the Bolsheviks!

The Japanese delegation remained very much in the background at Geneva and rarely intervened in the discussions. It has not secured the two things that it wanted—racial equality and the “open door” in the mandated territories; but Viscount Ishii has declared that Japan will raise the question of racial equality when the Assembly meets in September—it is one of the rocks ahead of the League, and of the world.

The Australian, Canadian and New Zealand delegations were very unpopular in Geneva, and have a considerable responsibility for the Assembly's dislike of the British Empire. They sincerely desire peace but they are intensely and narrowly nationalist, and hopelessly reactionary on economic questions. Their ideal is a self-contained and protectionist British Empire and they fail to understand that this would inevitably lead to war, since the rest of the world would sooner or later be forced to combine against it. South Africa stood alone, for South Africa was Lord Robert Cecil. He occupied a very prominent position in the Assembly, showed initiative and courage, and, on the whole, was one of the most progressive forces. But he has not, perhaps, thought out all the implications of his beliefs; had he done so he could not have insisted so strongly on national sovereignty in the matter of the International Court. For national sovereignty is incompatible with internationalism and with peace. As M. Lafontaine said, national sovereignty means the right to make war. Break down the artificial barriers that separate the peoples—the economic barriers by establishing universal free trade, the political barriers by abolishing the sovereign State and making a country just an administrative area—disarm all the nations and put whatever armed forces are retained under international control, and then perhaps a League of Nations would be superfluous. But without those measures, it is likely to be ineffective.

For the complete failure of the Assembly to deal with the question of armaments, Britain, France and Japan are responsible. They are all more disposed to increase their armaments than to diminish them. As for the “mandate” system, its hypocrisy is sufficiently patent.

The League of Nations will be what the peoples of the world choose to make it. At present, the great Powers, with England at their head, are trying to use it as an instrument of domination.

ROBERT DELL.

THE CLAIMS OF LOYALTY.

AMONG the recruiting posters in England in the early days of the war was one bearing excerpts from the funeral oration of Pericles, excerpts which were supposed to kindle the patriotic enthusiasm of the Manchester clerk equally with that of the Welsh coal-miner. No employment of an historical example could well have been more grotesque. The Athenians excelled in patriotism because it was attached to something they knew and loved, their city. It was no mystical object. As Mr. Zimmern has finely said:

And when his city brought forth not merely fighters and bards, but architects and sculptors, and all the resources of art reinforced the influence of early association and natural beauty, small wonder, as Pericles said, that the Greek citizen needed but to look at his city to fall in love with her. The Athenian had loved the Acropolis rock while it was still rough

and unlevelled, when the sun, peeping over Hymettus, found only ruddy crags and rude Pelasgian blocks to illumine. He loved it tenfold now, when its marble temples caught the first gleam of the morning or stood out, in the dignity of perfect line, against a flaming sunset over the mountains of the West.

This was something one could be loyal to—one's city, with its walls, its market-place, its lyceum, its gardens on the hillsides. One saw it every day; one knew its intimate moods, the quality of its mornings and sunsets, the festivals and games that were part of its common civic life. One was an honoured citizen in it, not a mere anonymity with a franchise.

Now that some of the warped judgments of war-time are disappearing, our leaders in “Americanization” are becoming dimly aware that something is radically wrong, as in England to-day those who once shouted the patriotic shibboleths most loudly and echoed Mr. Lloyd George's cry of “Make England a land fit for heroes to live in” are also dimly aware that this pious slogan and the present-day facts of widespread unemployment do not go properly together. Their intuition is eminently correct. Our own leaders in this movement to make patriotism a vital thing are now realizing—even if they will not openly acknowledge it—that the “patriotism” of our youth during the war was, to an amazing extent, artificial and hysterical. It was not based on reason, or on a sense of justice, or on an affection for that vague entity known as the State. For the most part it came from social pressures quite different in their origin; and those few sincere idealists who were tricked into believing that they were enlisting in a war to end war probably feel more embittered than those who went into it with no such illusions. In any event our “Americanizers” are conscious of a vast, if inarticulate, disaffection in the youth of to-day. They are bewildered and a little frightened by it, so they suggest compulsory military training, “education in citizenship and American ideals,” teaching of English to immigrants, patriotic pageants and the like. They bristle with expedients for obtaining from others that loyalty which they—usually for unconscious motives of protection of property or prestige—think they so keenly feel themselves, but which in any case they vaguely realize as lacking in those to whom they would give their uninvited ministrations.

The trouble with all these proposals is not in their absence of good-will, but in their psychological ineptitude. They are typical of that appalling ignorance of normal human nature which seems to be an almost inevitable accompaniment of large-scale industrialism and the machine-era. The Greeks had no problem of patriotism at all; it was as natural for them to be patriotic as it is with us to protect those we love. They knew their city as we know our college halls and campus, indeed, much better, for they lived with it all their life and not merely during four impressionable years. They had neither the problem of nationality nor the problem of the great society to vex and trouble them. In fact, when we look back to the time of Pericles, and reflect on the long course of years since, how recent is the whole concept of nationality! It was unknown to the Greeks; it was hardly felt by the Romans; again it was unknown in the Middle Ages, which resulted in the increasing power of dynasties (entities to which the ordinary man could cling) and, after the Reformation, the division of Europe into strictly Protestant and strictly Catholic communities rather than into nations as we understand them to-day. Then, too, the industrial revolution had not taken place—a comparatively recent phenomenon in the affairs of

man—and the problem of a great Empire, such as the British, or of a territorially vast and populous single nation, such as Russia or the United States in particular, had not arisen. The loyalties of men could attach themselves to clear, observable objects they loved; their patriotism was simple, sensuous, immediate. It did not have to be, as ours perforce must be if it is to exist at all, conceptual and imaginative.

Of course we can not here pretend to give any answer to this problem of loyalty; we can only hope to make one or two constructive suggestions. First of all, we need an entirely fresh orientation towards the whole problem. We need to go back and rediscover the fundamentals of human nature—and to realize that in conceptual power, retentiveness of memory, affective sensibility, æsthetic insight, and instinctive equipment we of to-day vary hardly a jot or tittle from the men of the golden age of Greek city life. We have only a greater mechanical equipment that places before us an ever-widening and increasingly distracting field of interests; we have ever more claims upon our loyalties, claims that seem to become proportionately tenuous in direct ratio to their numerical advance.

Merely to state the problem in this fashion gives us a clue. To-day, as it has been for ages past, the problem of loyalty is to find those objects which we can love, to break through the miasma of abstractions and concepts and imaginative entities to visible and sensuous objects to which our affections can spontaneously cling. How false and artificial seems, for example in France, the mystical cult of reverence for *la patrie* as contrasted with the age-long pride of a man in his own province, his own dialect, his own way of life in that province, his sense of dignity in the great men it has produced. How thin and bloodless seems the claim to loyalty to the State as compared with the migratory worker's claim to loyalty to the I. W. W. which represents his club, his friends, his daily problems, his hope of human betterment, his living vision of an ultimate ideal. How strong are men's affections to their church, their family, their immediate neighbourhood as compared with some intangible Federal entity at Washington.

All through our modern life of complicated organizations runs this conflict between the immediate and the remote; we are all familiar with the doctor who is indifferent to his duties as a citizen (in the matter of voting at all events) while keenly alive to his duties as a member of a special and honoured profession. Even the reformers, though we may scoff at them, are examples of the same human tendency; are they not loyal first and foremost to their particular reform before they are loyal to the larger claims of general public policy? Do they not feel that if they (and everybody else along with them) will only pay strict attention to their particular reform, all other things will be added unto them? It is the old, old story that human nature can not be stretched too far; it will snap back to some definite thing it can see and fondle and actively share. Professional propagandists and publicity men are unanimous to-day in saying that the only way money can now be raised from the American public is not through a national appeal, as during the war, but through appeal to local sentiment and local pride.

The real problem of the modern great community, if it is not to break down through overweight, is the problem of decentralization. The present tendency in the United States is towards increased centralization, in a word, towards bureaucracy. Now bureaucracy

appeals to the administrative type of mind—which our best minds unfortunately are—because such a type of mind tends to regard men as pawns in a game; it wants to strip them of administrative responsibility so that the responsibility may be concentrated in a few aristocratic hands. It is historically significant that nearly all great administrators have been by temperament aristocrats. But such concentration of responsibility always makes the common man irresponsible and erratic; and sooner or later he revolts from sheer ennui at having all his problems solved for him, and his way of life laid out in advance. Local autonomy has much more than a political significance; it is a recognition of perhaps a basic trait of human nature—the tendency to be loyal to and to sacrifice for only those objects one can feel and actively share. That is why the creative type of mind is almost always hostile to centralized authority—because it does not regard men as pawns in a game but as partners in a common adventure. It wants not to remove responsibility from men, but to give them more of it. The creative type of mind knows instinctively that men are permanently loyal only to those things they love, are responsible for, and can participate in. These contentions seem to us fundamental. Using them as a foundation, we can only hope that competent psychologists will concern themselves with the problem, and perhaps give us suggestions of how our multifarious organizations and conflicting claims of loyalty can be arranged once more on a human basis that leaves us in emotional peace and sets free our creative energies.

HAROLD STEARNS.

ON BEING A BLACK-AND-TAN.

MANY people seem to regard the British army of occupation in Ireland, especially the Black-and-Tans, as inhuman—a new sort of wild beasts invented in Downing Street. This I believe to be a mistaken view. The Black-and-Tans are human beings like the rest of us. They are human beings who are free. That is where they eminently differ from the rest of us. If they were living in England, the greater part of them would probably behave themselves more or less. They would be under restraint. I do not mean they would be in jail, though no doubt some of them would be, but they would be subject to certain well-defined laws and customs, which they could transgress only on peril of becoming outlaws among their own people. Life would not be tolerable if there was not a general agreement to submit to the inconveniences of an almost incessant discipline. If you order a taxi to drive you home, you must control yourself to the point of paying the driver his fare. If you go into a restaurant and order a dinner, you must again control yourself to the point of paying the bill. You are not allowed to break the chairs. If you do any such thing, you will suddenly find all society closing in on you in the forms of policemen, guests, waiters and firemen, and you will have to pay for doing what you like by being shut in a little room that you don't like.

I am not suggesting of course that the average human being would like to break chairs or to throw things at waiters, though possibly the desire to do so is a great deal more common than is generally realized. But most of us would certainly like to get motor-drives and good dinners for nothing. All the stories of magic rings and magic carpets are demonstrations of the secret wish to get something for nothing. Faust promised his soul to the Devil at the end of a term of years if only he were in the meantime permitted to have anything he wanted without paying for it. In the circumstances, Faust behaved very abstemiously. He contented himself with a little learning, grapes out of season, Helen of Troy and Gretchen. He broke fewer commandments than most men in his position would have broken. He was neither

a Bluebeard nor a Napoleon. He was not even a Black-and-Tan. He does not seem to have shared the human passion for loot that Mr. Kipling has hymned. It is a passion that millions of human beings are unable to resist unless there are very strong reasons for doing so. After the Boxer rising, there were few of the Allied forces who, after their arrival in Peking, did not take part in the looting. On such an occasion, even a fairly moral man may seize a piece of silk embroidery or an idol in the conviction that, if he doesn't take it, somebody else will. There is always a good reason for looting. There is not a civilized capital in which articles looted long ago and far away are not to be found among the priceless treasures in the curio-dealers' shops. It is only by imposing the strictest discipline on the troops that any army can be prevented from looting when passing through a hostile country. Even when armies are passing through a friendly country the penalties against looting have to be made exceptionally severe. Men in a mass are invariably, apart from such discipline, men in a mob, and, if there is one thing that is more certain than another about a mob, it is its susceptibility to the passion for loot.

The Black-and-Tans are in the happy position of being soldiers, and yet free from the discipline of soldiers—policemen, and yet free from the discipline of policemen—human beings, and yet free from the discipline of human beings. I do not contend that all soldiers or all policemen or all human beings would have done all the things the Black-and-Tans have done if they had had the same chance, but I do contend that the real explanation of the conduct of the Black-and-Tans lies, not in any exceptional proclivity to crime on their part, but in the action of the Government in loosing on foreign towns and villages irregular forces who are allowed to do what they like, and no questions asked. There have, I admit, been speeches on discipline, but, as far as I can see, there has been no enforcement of discipline. One man has been found guilty of murder, a Resident Magistrate having witnessed the deed, but his companions who looked on and saw the deed done without attempting to prevent it are apparently free to continue the work of restoring law and order in Ireland. Elsewhere, a couple of officers have been convicted of theft, but, taken as a whole, the balance of crime and punishment has been strangely disproportionate.

The Black-and-Tan is fairly secure that, whatever he may do, the British Government will either deny it or palliate it, and that he will not have to answer for his conduct as an Englishman has to answer for his in England—as a soldier had to answer for his in France. Yet the authorities know very well that a Black-and-Tan in Ireland is subject to many temptations to which the normal Englishman or the normal soldier is not subject. He is living amid a hostile population in conditions of guerrilla-war. No man or woman has a kind look or word for him. In such circumstances, he does not need to be incited to feelings of vengefulness. He returns ill-will with ill-will.

Week after week, however, the Government authorities through the *Weekly Summary* lash this ill-will into a fury. They keep suggesting to him that it is not ordinary human beings who are looking askance at him but a gang of murderers. He is told, no doubt, that the "murder-gang" is a small minority, but the general drift of the lesson is that Sinn Fein means murder, and, as nearly all whom he sees are Sinn Feiners, he concludes that they are murderers, too. He does not pause to ask himself whether, if England were ruled as Ireland is, he and his comrades might not be ambushing the armed men who were the instruments of their oppression. He probably does not think beyond his job. All he knows is that he is friendless in an unfriendly country, and that if occasionally he sees red and tries to get a bit of his own back, he has friends in power who will believe anything he chooses to say. He must even wonder at times, when he reads the mellifluous explanations of his conduct in the speeches of Cabinet Ministers, whether his worst deeds

are not actually approved of in secret. If the Government only wanted soldiers who would behave like soldiers, why did they not employ soldiers? True, if he is a Black-and-Tan of the Royal Irish Constabulary he has not the excuse of belonging to a special force recruited for a special object. But if he is a Black-and-Tan in the Auxiliary Cadets he may reasonably suppose that he is not intended to behave like a disciplined soldier, his job is to provide a new sort of terror outside the Army regulations.

Anyhow, even with an occasional ambush, it is a dull life—or would be, under ordinary military conditions. Men seek drama in their lives, and, if they can not get it in love, home, work, and social intercourse, they will discover other means to the same end. Hard drinking is one means to it, but hard drinking alone does not satisfy the dramatic instinct. The more men drink, the more men desire excitements of other kinds, and a certain kind of man in liquor loves above all things the thought of beating his enemies. He consequently sets out in the mood of an angry escapade. He goes out with his friends for a joy-ride at the taxpayers' expense. He has all the revolvers and bombs he needs, and he knows the addresses of two or three people who, being Sinn Feiners, are fair game. As he and his friends roll along, they fire repeated volleys into the air or at an old cow or human being or anything, and keep up their spirits with wild cheers and yells. On arriving in the town, they halt at the marked-down house, and are soon inside and busy on the work of destruction. They are lords of creation before whom people cower and grow pale. Soon, they have the house alight, and the human joy in destruction and above all in houses on fire again expresses itself in wild yells. Every man loves a fire, but few of us are ever allowed to indulge this passion at the expense of other people. To be a Black-and-Tan is to belong to the favoured few.

Surely, it is an all but ideal Government that not only provides its servants with free motor-trips to fires but even leaves them free to start the fires themselves. Not only is there the amusement of seeing people in terror, of enjoying revenge for a dull and dangerous life, and of watching a street go up in flames. There is also loot to be had without money and without price. There is whiskey in the public-houses, hand-bags in one shop, and jewellery to stuff them with in the shop next door. This, I understand, is what happened at Cork. Some of the men provided themselves with hand-bags so as to be able to give themselves a fair chance at the jeweller's. They ordered this matter better in France. In France, no man was allowed to act the superman, though every army includes numbers of men who would do so if they had the opportunity.

The Black-and-Tan, however, enjoys a liberty beyond any of which Nietzsche ever dreamed. But do not let us be too severe on him. Even English policemen might waver, if subjected to the same temptations as the Black-and-Tans. No body of men—especially no body of men acting in a foreign or hostile country—is fit to be entrusted with this carte blanche of liberty. Give them to understand that they may indulge in any passion they please, and they will leave the Ten Commandments in fragments in less than no time. The cruel among them will be cruel, and will not even shrink from murder. The greedy among them will not shrink from confounding *meum* and *tuum* in the old-fashioned way. Each of us has his weakness, and, circumstances aiding, it will come out. In Ireland, the Government supplies the circumstances; nature does the rest. Many a man who might in other circumstances have lived a bold and adventurous life as a colonist is now doing things as a Black-and-Tan that will live in the dark pages of history. But the sin is not chiefly his. It lies at the door of those Cabinet Ministers who have deliberately removed from him so many of those restraints that keep men decent and that make the world a tolerable and at times a delightful place to live in.

BRITANNICUS.

MISCELLANY.

THE death of Piotr Alexeyevich Kropotkin set me to reading again the "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," and in that most impersonal of autobiographies I felt more keenly than ever the presence of a great personality, of a human being who had reached the fullest stature possible to the species. Is it not a little curious that during a century of the most oppressive political despotism, from the reign of Nicholas I to that of Nicholas II, Russia should have produced a pantheon of writers and thinkers, like Turgenev, Tolstoy, Herzen, and Kropotkin, alongside of whom the very best figures that England, for example, could boast seem so often morally weak-kneed, intellectually undeveloped, or culturally provincial? Beneath our heartiest admiration for such as Dickens or Ruskin is a sense of something that has to be explained away, something weak or fatuous or petty or snobbish that runs against the grain of our respect and prevents us from abandoning ourselves with a whole heart to the man. Our loyalty to the Victorian giants is for ever tripping over a "but." It is not so with Tolstoy or Kropotkin: their very mistakes are a product of their humanity and not an affront to it. We may believe, perhaps, that the world lost much by the fact that Kropotkin poured a great part of his energy into an insignificant revolutionary sheet, but we feel at the same time that Kropotkin gained by the sacrifice—and that, in the end, the world gained, too.

ONE of the things that occurred to me in reading the Memoirs was the extraordinary intellectual maturity of Russian society. One has had that feeling before in reading "The Brothers Karamazov" or "Anna Karenina": the affairs that interested Russia in the 'sixties and the 'seventies are those that interest the present generation in America to-day; the tone, the attitude, and the outlook are "modern" in a sense that "Our Mutual Friend" or "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" are not. In exploiting physical resources, in handling machinery, or in organizing men the Russians seem hopelessly inept: there is nothing so funny for an American as Kropotkin's description of the behaviour of the fire brigades in the conflagration that nearly destroyed a great administrative quarter in St. Petersburg. (The only steam fire engine in the vicinity was brought by rail a distance of twenty miles, at the suggestion of some workmen!) But in approaching social relations the Russians have a freedom from taboo that makes their Western contemporaries look like a horde of fetish-ridden savages. By their fresh and penetrating *naïveté* they caused the current *mores*—those of Chesterfield, Victoria and Grundy, especially—to look as theatrically insincere as are the amusement parks at Coney Island in the cold, dry sunlight of a winter's day. If the Russian intelligentsia were not able to shake off the Tsarist autocracy they compensated for this failure by putting a quietus upon imbecile rules of behaviour that the political democracies of the West complacently subscribed to, on the whole, as manifestations of the inevitable moral order of the universe. Did not the Nihilist movement do well to demolish the great impalpable enemy of human development—the tribal taboo—before it turned its guns on the immediate and visible enemies that conducted the Third Section? Is this not the reason why Russia, which we habitually look upon as the most backward of countries, is in so many ways the most advanced?

THE venerable Mr. Punch, I see, has lately taken the case of the United States under advisement and has decided against us. Whatever we may think about the verdict, we might at least have expected that Mr. Punch, in his eightieth year, would have attained to the wisdom of that ripe and experienced jurist who gave such good advice to the young judge who had just climbed upon the bench. "When you make your decisions, do not give reasons. Your decisions will probably be right but your reasons are sure to be wrong." For it seems to me that Mr. Punch, in his imaginary pre-landing interview with

a queer New York reporter who actually uses a notebook, condemns us Americans for all the wrong reasons. He finds us too hot on self-determination for Ireland and too cold upon the property rights of the victorious Allies as set forth in the Treaty and Covenant. He finds too much freedom of speech here—notably in the case of Mr. de Valera—and we are always, it appears, placating the German voter, the Negro voter (bless his innocent old heart!) and the Sinn Fein voter. In short, what we need, according to our distinguished visitor, is a better melting-pot!

It would be hard to imagine any commodity that we have less need of importing just now than this advice to keep the melting-pot boiling. If Mr. Punch had only waited till he had come ashore he would have found that we are doing scarcely anything else, that our population is roughly divided into two classes, the Americanizers and the Americanized. In fact, Mr. Punch himself might have been Americanized had he landed, and that, one feels, would have been rather a pity. The scenery of this fair land of ours is fairly clogged with Americanizers—amateurs, professionals and semi-professionals, all banded together into societies for the abolition of alien, and therefore barbarous, languages, into clubs for smashing up foreign manners and cultures, and into associations for promoting dislike and suspicion between racial groups so that we may be a truly united people.

As soon as Mr. Punch had stepped off the gang-plank, he would inevitably have been invited to write stories and scenarios setting forth the superiority of American—or at any rate Anglo-Saxon—civilization over all other created things. Our distinguished visitor would have been shown that all other countries are backward countries, and that people who are Americans by free will are, after all, vastly inferior to those who were born that way. He would have been invited to be thrilled over Government raids upon foreign debating societies and trade-schools; he would have been asked to shudder at co-operative societies and gymnastic clubs run by people with strange un-American names. The National Civic Federation would have given him what is popularly termed "an earful" upon such organizations; the Ku-Klux-Klan would gladly have filled the other ear. He would have learned that papers printed in foreign languages ought to be suppressed so that our non-English-reading populations may enjoy the blessings of ignorance, that people with depraved tastes for foreign literature must be cured and educated up to Mr. Harold Bell Wright, for it is not enough that our foreign-born should like us—they must be like us. As for the books on the immigrant and what to do with him, they would have reduced Mr. Punch to admiring silence—his first impressions, had he landed, must have been that there are more books on that subject than there are immigrants. These books have one thought in common: find out what the immigrant is doing and tell him to stop.

BUT I can remember the time, not so long ago, when we did not have such an air-tight conception of the stranger within our gates. There was a President Wilson once who spoke thus to an audience of foreign-born men who had just been admitted to citizenship: "A man enriches a country to which he brings dreams and you who have brought them have enriched America." That was well said and true. How much longer, I wonder, shall we suffer our busybodies to tell the immigrant, in the name of America, that he must check his dreams at Ellis Island—near the Statue of Liberty. Are we so rich in dreams?

RECENT issues of the *Congressional Record* show that through the murk that hides the summit of the hill the lightning sometimes strikes:

REPRESENTATIVE SMITH OF IDAHO. . . there are a great many Members of Congress who, in my judgment, would not be able to earn half the salary they are now receiving.

SENATOR HEFLIN. . . . But for Columbus, this dreamer of dreams, we would probably not be enjoying as now the blessings and benefits of this ideal spot of earth.

SENATOR KING. I am sorry to interrupt the Senator's beautiful statement regarding flowers and dreams and so on, but let us get back to the facts, with the permission of the Senator.

SENATOR KENYON. . . . anyone who reads the Graham report—and I have never seen it denied very much—will have to agree that for graft and fraud Hog Island is a piker compared to Muscle Shoals.

SENATOR WADSWORTH. . . . There is no end to the thing. It runs in a vicious circle, and at every point in the circle the taxpayer is fleeced.

SENATOR KING. . . . We have in this country a bureaucracy which puts to shame the bureaucratic forms which we so often criticize in other countries . . . we are drifting toward paternalistic government, and socialistic schemes are being devised and advocated with earnestness, and persistent efforts are made to secure their adoption by the Government. Following war, and during periods of readjustment and when business is disordered and discontent is abroad in the land, clamorous appeals for paternalistic propositions become more frequent, and those appeals are often pressed with a zeal, and indeed, with a fury that make them wellnigh irresistible.

REPRESENTATIVE BLANTON. It was to help save this Republic from I. W. W.'ism, anarchy, and lawlessness that I went to the trouble and expense of mailing all over the United States thousands of copies of my speeches, 'Whither are we drifting?' 'Let the People know,' and 'Awake, America.' I sent them to every State in this Union. Through no other possible way could the people of this Nation learn the facts about their own business.

JOURNEYMAN.

ART.

AT AN EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.¹

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

AN ENTHUSIAST.

A SCEPTIC.

SCENE: *The Anderson Galleries, New York.*

TIME: *Any time during the exhibition of the work of Alfred Stieglitz (to close 19 February).*

THE SCEPTIC. All right, we've got that cleared up: photography is not painting. It can stand on its own feet without outside help; and that is just what I've always understood the idea of Mr. Stieglitz himself to be. As usual, it is the disciple who makes the trouble, with all sorts of claims to things that neither he nor his work has any business with. I shall not let my pleasure in these pictures be disturbed by such nonsense any more. The things themselves are too fine for that. Why, it comes to me as a shock to look at some of these portraits, especially those of people I have not seen for a while. They are wonderfully like them and yet I find traits of character I had not remembered. That tree against the sky, which is surely related to the nude figure in the next photograph—it makes me feel again how right Schamberg was when he said that merely by seeing something in nature that others had not seen, and registering it in some way, you make it yours. It is the same about that view of an old-fashioned New York interior to which Mr. Stieglitz gives the frank title, 'Where I Come From.' That series of twenty-six photographs of 'A Woman—One Portrait,' is surely one of the most remarkable descriptions of a person that one could have. Suppose we could get such an account of Spinoza or Cervantes!

THE ENTHUSIAST. What you see in those portraits is a document about Stieglitz. That woman would have been different if the photographs had been made by anyone else. When I said that photography is not painting, I did not say that it is a mere process of reproduction. You miss its point if you consider it that way—that is my whole argument. A photograph no more approaches absolute fidelity to nature than does a drawing or a painting. Frequently it is less near, for the eye and hand can be trained to such perfection that they will reproduce appearances more accurately than the camera. I am not speaking, naturally, of the matter of colour or values,

but of the general question of vision. There is a subtle deformation in the photograph due to the nature of the instrument and to the person who uses it. Let two people photograph a given subject under identical conditions: their results will inevitably be different. The reason is that the human factor enters in. We are always under the heel of some convention or superstition: the painter suffers from the public's superstition that his picture is a section of nature. You remember the peasant who said to Corot, 'Why do you make that little copy of the cow, monsieur, since the cow is there?' It is the same thing to-day; most people imagine that the photograph is just like nature. But when you show a photograph to a Central-African savage, he does not comprehend that it represents a person. It has only two dimensions instead of three; it has that deformation I spoke of. The savage has not our conventions, though he has others of his own, and yet his eyes are like ours, for he recognizes his image in a mirror. That is nature, the photograph isn't.

THE SCEPTIC. No, it is art—as you have proved, and as I never have doubted. Still, while I am not fond of insisting on differences of degree, I believe there is one here that rises to the point where it makes a difference of kind. Photography, I admit, is an art, but so limited in its capabilities, so hampered by things inherent in its nature, that it must be assigned quite an inferior rank among the arts. The residue of unassimilated nature in the photograph is, I think, so great an obstacle that it can never achieve results comparable in value with those of music, painting or literature.

THE ENTHUSIAST. The greater the obstacle, the greater the interest in surmounting it. In reality what we all agree on as the essential thing is the idea. You think no more highly of the Bible, for example, when you see it in an old manuscript copy than when you see it in a modern edition that is printed in unlimited quantities. It is very desirable that a good book be given to the greatest number of readers who can appreciate it, though I am aware that in increasing the number of books in the world we have not correspondingly increased the amount of literature; perhaps we even get less nowadays when everyone can write. However, in that matter of obstacles: they are inherent in every art, and they are of no importance in estimating the value of the product of a given art. In architecture, there is the difficulty of the materials and their weight, and of the use of the building. But the architect has all the liberty of the painter, when it comes to the essential things; if he does not do everything that is done in a picture, neither can the painter do everything he can do.

THE SCEPTIC. Very well, but I contend that some obstacles are insurmountable, like that of wearing mittens when you want to play the violin—if I may offer such a childish illustration. Now . . .

THE ENTHUSIAST. Excuse me, but a violinist is simply an executant. We have agreed that what counts is the idea. You must take the composer as the basis of comparison if we are to relate this question with the problem of music.

THE SCEPTIC. In painting and in photography, the artist is both composer and executant, and the execution is necessary for the realization of the idea. But it is just in the matter of the idea that I find photography to be so nearly hopeless for consideration as an art on the plane of the older arts. Granting freely that a deformation occurs when a photograph is made, and that it will vary somewhat according to the personality of the man behind the camera, I am still unable to see how that camera can produce results related to the content of the mind, in any intimate or significant sense of the words.

THE ENTHUSIAST. That is probably because you are troubled by the fact that the camera is a machine. But what are brushes, paint and canvas? What are the painter's hands and arms but machines—affairs of springs, levers and pulleys? No, the camera is like any other implement that man has made: an extension of his organs. As the telephone is an extension of his sense of hearing,

¹ This is a report, as exact as I can make it, of an actual conversation in which I recently participated.—W. P.

so the camera is a means of extending or rendering permanent the phenomena of his sense of sight.

THE SCEPTIC. Precisely: a physical thing, and that is where I see the trouble when you come to take photography as a matter of ideas. You and I have often agreed that the optical thing is what counts least in the work of the great artists, we want to know what they do with it in their minds. The resemblance between some of Mr. Stieglitz's work and that of the Impressionists, or of Whistler or Rembrandt does not, I know, lead you to argue that the mental process of the photographer is at all like theirs.

THE ENTHUSIAST. I will go further than you ask. I will admit that I think it unfortunate that there should be any similarity in appearance between the work of the photographer and the work of the painter. I don't want to think of Rembrandt when I look at photographs. The photographs I like best are those that might almost have come about by accident—only that there are no accidents. Often there are things in the photographic section of the Sunday papers that I enjoy for the very reason that no one has been obtruding his æsthetic ideas between me and the vision.

THE SCEPTIC. Now here we have a genuine agreement and I am glad. Those are the photographs that I, too, most often get pleasure from. But haven't you just now said something very much like what I was saying about the art of photography itself? I hope you know that I'm not endeavouring to prove that I am right in this argument; in fact, I'm trying honestly to get out of what must seem to you to be a blind alley in my logic; but when you say that you like those newspaper pictures, those things over which no theories of æsthetics have presided, aren't you admitting that photographs are matters of our physical experience rather than of our mental life?

THE ENTHUSIAST. Not at all. I like the photographs, as I like works of art of all kinds, wherein I get the direct registering of a vision, without any effort to make it beautiful or classical through having it conform to the canons of other arts or other masters of the same art.

THE SCEPTIC. Yes, that's sure enough; but I'm blessed if I can understand how you make it out that the photograph has any bearing on the ideas of men, except in a superficial way. Look: let my right hand here be the subject of the picture or other starting point for the work of art, poem or piece of music, and let my left hand represent the picture made from that subject. I say that in the great arts, the current of sensation goes from that first point, the subject, to the brain and that there it undergoes a process of sublimation, trituration, assimilation or whatever you may call it, and that when it comes forth here and is fixed at this final point—in the finished work—it is no longer that piece of nature which it was when it started; it's a thing of the mind, pure and simple, and that is why it is precious. Now in photography it seems to me that the current goes right from this hand to that hand—from subject to image—without the intervention of the brain, save at the initial moment of choosing the subject. A lens intervenes, a certain almost purely physical action of the photographer intervenes, which marks the picture with his peculiar signature, like the thumb-print through which each individual is distinguished from all others; but here, surely we are dealing with a different order of ideas from those that we get in the great arts, as I call them. When the 'Mona Lisa' was stolen from the Louvre, there was gossip about the substitution by the authorities of a copy, in order that they might save their faces by 'recovering' the masterpiece. Now a copy might have fooled the public. Perhaps, even, it could have defied the experts who would have searched for a line or colour that differed from those they had known in the picture that formerly hung there. But no artist or layman who had had a genuine feeling for that Leonardo would have continued to get the pleasure he had derived from the real work. The copy would always have had something wrong, something dead, about it: the original was Leonardo still alive. I can not conceive a photograph withstanding a test like

that—too much of it is already inert—a thing transposed but not revitalized.

THE ENTHUSIAST. But don't you see that you are making the same mistake—reversed—as the man who persists in looking for 'nature' in a Cubist picture? He can't see the beauty or the expression in it because his mind will not rest so long as he can discern no object represented. You can not accept the photograph because you are overcome by the fact that objects are represented. You have got to go beyond that question, in both cases, to get at the significance of the work.

THE SCEPTIC. The man who demands a visible subject from a Cubist picture is calling for something that art is not obliged to furnish. I should compare him, rather, with the man who sees no human interest in a Chardin because it represents still-life, or who gets no religious significance from a Courbet, because instead of portraying Christ or Buddha, the realist has painted only some rocks and a brook. No, there is one thing we can't dispense with, and that is the correspondence of the work in its ensemble and in its elements with the inner experience of its creator. I see that correspondence in certain paintings and certain books. In photographs I see external matters, to which no real form has been given by the action of a mind.

THE ENTHUSIAST. Yes, the thing you ask for is there. Consider the literalness of some of the old masters and of some very recent work. But I have no proof. There are never any proofs in art. . . .

THE SCEPTIC. Which is a very fortunate thing.

THE ENTHUSIAST. At least, I can offer you some reasons for—well, for coming up here again to have another try at this problem. For one thing, here is a man who has spent forty years thinking this matter out and putting his philosophy into this very definite expression, and he has done it simply as part of his search for truth.

THE SCEPTIC. Agreed, and he must have had a wonderful time in the doing of it.

THE ENTHUSIAST. Then, you don't need to fear any serious disturbance of the pleasure you get from your museum-haunting; if the photograph comes to mean more to you than it does now, and makes you re-value your classics, that can only result in gain. Moreover, I wish you could make a trial of my plan of admiring, of adoring the thing one does not understand. It is the quickest way to get to the heart of it, the best way I know to pull oneself out of the ruts and to get to a freer use of one's faculties. Afterward one can keep or leave the thing one has seized to draw himself up with. The world is always richer than we think it to be.

VOICE OF THE GALLERY ATTENDANT. Exhibition closing for the day, gentlemen.

THE SCEPTIC. [*as they move toward the door.*] Now, I tell you—

[*Exeunt.*]

WALTER PACH.

POETRY.

TO JOSEPH SEVERN.

For the Centenary of Keats's Death, 23 February, 1921.

We who loved Keats will never long forget
Your memory, Severn: how your hand could trace
With tenderest art his dream-enshrouded face;
Could mould that moonlight-haunted brow, where met,
As in a fane on some Greek island set,
The beauty that transcends all time and place,
And the more winsome, earth-begotten grace
Of altar-flowers with limpid dew-drops wet.

But what you gave to Keats the man, your friend,
Has bound your name to his with dearer ties.
You soothed and shared his anguish at the end;
You heard the last cry of those passionate lips:
You last beheld those wonder-seeing eyes;
And watched the soul win free from Time's eclipse.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THACKERAY'S PROPHECY.

SIRS: The state of affairs revealed in the interesting review entitled "Black and White in Africa," in your issue of 9 February, calls to mind Thackeray's prophecy, contained in the last verse of his parody, "Timbuctoo," which, with its appended note, was his first appearance in print.

The day shall come when Albion's self shall feel
Stern Africa's wrath, and writhe 'neath Africa's steel.
I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,
And sell their sugar on their own account;
While round her throne the prostrate nations come,
Sue for her rice, and barter for her rum.

Note: The author can not conclude without declaring that his aim in writing this poem will be fully accomplished if he can infuse into the hearts of Englishmen a sense of the danger in which they lie. Yes—Africa! If he can awaken one particle of sympathy for thy sorrows, of love for thy land, of admiration for thy virtue, he shall sink into the grave with the proud consciousness that he has raised esteem where before there was contempt, and has kindled the flame of hope on the smouldering ashes of despair!

I am, etc.,

E. S.

THE PROGRESS OF THE BUILDING-GUILDS.

SIRS: I have read, in your issue of 8 December, Mr. Ordway Tead's article on the building-guilds with very great interest; it is particularly good and I have sent a copy of it to the Walthamstow Guild Committee, which is in charge of the supply of labour to the first guild-contract in Great Britain, so that the Committee may see the interest that has been aroused in America by the progress of the guild-idea.

One of the most interesting things about the development of the guild in actual practice is that every point that comes up for decision is a point that has never been decided before. The whole of the territory is new. For instance, decision as to the precise moment at which the building-guilds can begin to take over responsibility for their operatives in sickness and in bad weather, is a problem that presents many points of difficulty. Our contracts provide that £40 shall be paid to us for every completed house, and it has been decided that this £40 shall be reserved expressly for this particular liability. But no one knows whether it is enough or whether it will show a substantial margin; yet at the same time it is difficult for the Board to resist the desire to commence such payments immediately. No guild-committee has so far taken the plunge into actual payment, but all lost time is being carefully recorded with a view to payment at some future date. I am, etc.,
MALCOLM SPARKES.

THE OUTLOOK ON THE FARM.

SIRS: Mr. Joel Henry Greene in his letter in your issue of 12 January, suggests that when next I study the agricultural proletariat I should visit North Dakota. Happily a visit to that State is not necessary, for it is apparent that conditions obtaining in North Dakota differ very little from those obtaining in Oklahoma, despite the North Dakota proletarian's æsthetic and economic training and his ready ability to spot a bourgeois when he sees one. One needs but read the speech of Senator Arthur Capper in the Senate the week before Christmas. That august body in its grotesque fashion was gravely occupied with discussions of measures designed to provide credit relief for the farmers of the country. Senator Capper was urging the passage of a makeshift measure of rural-credit legislation, a measure which may, but I suspect will not, afford actual relief to the mass of farmers.

In the course of his speech Senator Capper pointed out that twenty-six country banks in North Dakota had closed their doors within thirty days, on account of the inability of the farmers to meet their notes at the banks because of the disastrous slump in farm-products. Through the policy of rapid deflation (apparently confined to farm-products) the banks had forced the farmers of North Dakota and throughout the North-west to dump upon a falling market every available farm-commodity, including a tremendous number of breeding-cattle—brood-sows, heifers, calves, immature pigs. The farmers of North Dakota, as elsewhere, have been unable to command a price for their products which is at all commensurate with the cost of production. Hence there is bankruptcy and ruin everywhere.

Moreover, it is easy to see that a famine is approaching. It is coming because the country has been drained, to a heavy extent, of its breeding-cattle, and because farmers everywhere are unable to obtain credit for laying in next year's

crops. To the loud entreaties of the patrioteers that the farmer must be patriotic and do his utmost to bring in a bumper crop which will save the country from starvation, the farmer will quite likely thumb his nose. Last year he did precisely what is now being asked of him—he obeyed his masters and brought in a crop of amazing proportions—and got kicked roundly in the slats for his pains. If he remains on the farm at all, he will, I suspect, lay in just such crops and raise just so much beef and pork as will keep himself and family from hunger. Indeed, that is about all he can do: the banks will not finance him for a more extensive programme. Another contingency is that, in his acute financial embarrassment, he will dispose of part of his land (if he happens to own any) to the land-sharks, thus further increasing the monopoly of land at inflated values. I am, etc.,

Chicago, Ill.

BURTON RASCOE.

A "VULGAR ERROR."

SIRS: An American friend of mine has sent me a copy of the *Freeman* (1 December, 1920), and I have read it with delight from cover to cover. Among the "Letters to Editors" I find one from Mr. Upton Sinclair, reviewing his reviewer Mr. Edwin Björkman. Whatever may be thought of the taste or expediency of reviewing one's reviewer, it may be conceded that in this case Mr. Sinclair is entitled to his somewhat insistent protest against what he considers the misinterpretation or misrepresentation of Mr. Björkman. But in an even greater degree am I entitled to protest against a sodden and glaring fallacy on the part of Mr. Sinclair. He writes—and in writing once more confirms his peculiar attitude—"I thought as little about the question of taste as Edwin would have thought if he had been in Louvain and had been trying to keep the Germans from burning the library."

I confess that this statement appalled me. For the fiction that the Germans had burned Louvain or that they had even deliberately burned the library, belongs to the category of the gigantic mythical saurians of early war-history. It is one of those propagandistic pterodactyls and dinosaurii which were the first to collapse ponderously through their own weight as soon as the seething climate of falsehood and frenzy necessary for their development had cooled and cleared. No educated person in Europe above the level of journalistic cannon-fodder or fertilizer, but knows the truth about Louvain long since, and chiefly through the evidence of investigators from his own country. Even during the war the truth was accessible to those who sought it.

In order, however, to appreciate the grotesqueness of this utterance of Mr. Sinclair's, and all that it implies, one must not forget that this gross fiction of the propagandistic-militaristic press, is soberly repeated and regarded as self-evident by a man to whom the falsity of that press is known as to few others, and who has just been exposing its fathomless corruption and dishonesty in his "Brass Check"! In other words, Mr. Sinclair, who has been warning us against the doctored news and poisoned reports of the capitalistic press, publicly proclaims himself a victim of one of the crudest myths which it succeeded in launching during the period of the war.

This, I feel, is the less pardonable in Mr. Sinclair's case, since he is one of the few American authors who are in touch with intellectuals on the Continent, and he is one who quotes with gusto their favourable criticism of his works. One would think that before he repeated this reckless and long-exploded charge against a country which, whatever its faults, possesses at least the superlative virtue of extending a particular hospitality to his books, this dweller in the journalistic jungle would have taken the trouble to inform himself. By his own warning it was his business to take nothing which he had read in the papers for granted.

If it happens that he is unfamiliar with Continental tongues, it must be pointed out that the truth about Louvain has appeared in quite a number of liberal English weeklies with which, one would suppose, an internationalist such as Mr. Upton Sinclair would keep in touch. Therefore, if one can not hand a "brass check" to this emancipator of our press, one would at least be entitled to hand him a brass farthing as a fitting reward for his accuracy.

I have read the "Brass Check" and hailed it as a brave feat, even though the author, as Mr. H. L. Mencken has pointed out, obviously avoids confronting the greatest achievement of this press up to the present—the predominant part it enacted in forcing our country into the war. Mr. Sinclair might as well have overlooked a volcano in full blast. What inhibition, I wonder, kept him from assailing the picturesque myths beloved of the mob? What fear kept him from pursuing the relentless logic of his own disclosures?

It is surely desirable in the interests of intellectual honesty and the slow disinterment of truth, that historical facts be given their proper weight and perspective, and that the heresies of our own guides and prophets be exposed whenever these harness themselves to what Sir Thomas Browne called "Vulgar Errors." I am, etc.,
Moosinning, Bavaria.

R. L. O.

A NEW WAY WITH THE HOUSING-PROBLEM.

SIRS: Your manifest concern in all phases of the housing-problem leads me to think that you may be interested to know of certain recent developments in the housing-situation in Norway. In virtually all of the larger Norwegian cities, as in most other countries at the present time, there is a shortage of houses which compels a large proportion of the inhabitants to live under the most distressing conditions. In some instances, even large families of the less fortunate people have been obliged to live in one room. Many efforts have been made by public authorities and by private individuals to meet this situation, but the shortage has been so great and the influx from the country has been so heavy—chiefly because of the better conditions obtaining in the cities—that new construction has not been able to meet the demand.

The failure to solve the housing-problem satisfactorily with the instrumentalities at hand has caused the Government to search for new and hitherto untried methods of handling the situation. The Norwegian parliament, as a result of this search, recently passed a radical measure, by which the number of rooms which one family may occupy may be limited by the municipalities. This measure, which is known generally as "The Limitation of Dwellings Law," is one of the most discussed pieces of legislation in Norway. During its course through parliament it met with much opposition on the part of occupants of tenement- and apartment-houses, who in this seeming encroachment upon the privacies of family life did not see a happy solution of the housing-problem.

According to this new law, the dwelling quarters that are subject to proportional division are limited to those in which the number of rooms exceeds by two the number of occupants over ten years of age. For instance, a family consisting of only two members, occupying an apartment of six rooms, excluding the kitchen, would have the right to occupy only four rooms and would be obliged to sub-let the two extra rooms. Two children under ten years of age are counted as one occupant and the same is true of two sisters or brothers under twenty years of age. The law does not apply to apartments with four rooms or less, or to those houses having less than seven rooms which were completed after the municipal board decided upon the enactment of the statute.

The procedure under this law is as follows: a municipal board of three members elects a committee which is given a mandate to determine the rooms that must be vacated. Of the members of the board one must be a house-owner and one a renter. Every family of the city occupying more rooms than is permitted under the law must inform this committee of the number of rooms at its disposal. Exact information must be given as to the number, age, and sex of the occupants and the size and situation of the rooms. When deciding whether the superfluous rooms should be sub-let or retained by the family the committee must take into consideration the special needs which the occupants may have for the rooms in question. Thus, physicians and scientific investigators may be allowed to keep more rooms than the number specified by the law. When the committee has demanded that one or more rooms be sub-rented, the occupant is required to act within four weeks. In selecting the tenant, the committee must certify that he is an honourable person, free from any contagious disease. Against the decision of the committee, the occupant or the house-owner may appeal to another committee, the decision of which is final. Persons failing to give the committee the desired information or to carry out the decisions rendered are liable to be fined or imprisoned or both.

The law, being enacted to meet an emergency, will be in operation only until 30 June, 1922. It is not yet known whether any of the municipal authorities will take advantage of the provisions of the law. Supporters of the measure see in it an opportunity for the large cities to relieve the distressing housing-conditions of the less well-to-do people. They maintain that the unpleasantness that may be endured by some families by reason of the operation of the law is to be preferred to the unspeakable sufferings on the part of many more families that are lacking sufficient and decent dwelling-quarters. On the other hand, persons opposed to the law assert that it will put a stop to the erection of new houses and that the general housing-conditions, therefore, will not be improved at all.

It will be interesting to watch the outcome of this legislation. Are those who oppose it in the right or has the solution of the housing-problem been found in this socialistically-tinted measure which commands the haves to divide with the have-nots? I am, etc.,
Washington, D. C.

ARNE KILDAL.

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF CRITICISM.

SIRS: I read with amazement what struck me as a curious mêlée of critical paradoxes in the *Freeman* of 26 January, contained in a letter from Mr. Burton Rascoe. In fairness to Mr. Johan Bojer may I not call your attention to these facts? When Mr. Burton Rascoe was literary editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, he reviewed Johan Bojer's "The Great Hunger" in the following somewhat eulogistic terms:

There is something intangible which only a man of genius can get into a novel and it is this something which distinguishes a great and permanent work of fiction from the ordinary straw-and-plaster product of the day. It is a compound and the effect of emotional sincerity, deep and sound perceptions of beauty, flawless art, pity, truth, and irony. It is this which enriches the reader's psychic experience, makes him partake of the hope, joy, disillusion, and final philosophy of another, and enables him to possess vicariously one more existence than frugal Nature by ordinary allows.

"The Great Hunger," by Johan Bojer, has this intangible something. It is a novel which, I think, will be much talked about during the next few months, and one which will permanently place Bojer on the list of contemporary writers whose work will conceivably last into another and another generation. This is indulgence in the hazardous game of prophecy, but one which I have permitted myself only after leisurely contemplation of the significance of the novel.

In his letter in question Mr. Rascoe says: "I think Johan Bojer has found what may, even by hyperbole, be termed a 'welcome,' and I for one would never think of ranking him with Messrs. Cabell, Dreiser, Hergesheimer, Sherwood Anderson, Miss Willa Cather, or even with Mr. Sinclair Lewis." Does this mean that Mr. Rascoe can not visualize these American writers as creators of books that will conceivably last from one generation to another? One of these, Mr. Cabell, he proclaims "the greatest living master of English prose."

Again, the "boost" by Mr. John Galsworthy of Mr. Bojer's work, to which Mr. Rascoe so facetiously refers, was copied almost in full on Mr. Rascoe's page of the *Chicago Tribune*. "It is a book easy to recommend," wrote the then literary editor of the *Chicago Tribune* in further comments on "The Great Hunger," "but difficult to write about. You perhaps remember John Galsworthy's review of it in these pages some weeks back, and possibly you were struck by the inadequacy of the Englishman's expression of the enthusiasm he obviously felt. It lacked, as reviews of the novel must inevitably lack, the spiritual essence which only the novel can give. One can indicate notes, but one can not describe overtones."

For nearly a year we have done little or no advertising on "The Great Hunger," yet it is to-day one of the best selling books on our list.

I greatly admire the writings of Mr. James Branch Cabell. Perhaps my enthusiasm is only excelled by that of Mr. Rascoe himself. I cut my eye-teeth on Mr. Dreiser, but when I read such a hodge-podge of inconsistency as the context of Mr. Rascoe's letter I am inclined to turn a right ear to those booklovers who bewail the barrenness in our American field of criticism. I am, etc.,

New York City.

HOWARD WILLARD COOK,
(Secretary of Moffat, Yard & Company.)

MR. COLBY, OPENLY ARRIVED AT.

SIRS: You will doubtless recall the fact that last August Mr. Secretary Colby was under the necessity of finding some new means of overthrowing the Russian Soviet Government. Those fine Russian democrats, Generals Kolchak, Denikin and Yudenitch, had unaccountably collapsed; and the Polish army was in full retreat; so, perhaps recalling the school-boy-adage that the pen is mightier than the sword, Mr. Colby sat down and wrote a note. In this note, he accused the Bolsheviks of committing various offences against the moral sense of the world. He reminded the Russian people of the ties of respect and affection which had always existed between Russia and America. He assured them that America would give them all possible assistance in their tasks of reconstruction if they would only get rid of their present undemocratic Government.

Secretary Colby's note was immediately hailed as being at one and the same time a statement of high moral purpose and a masterpiece of subtle propaganda. No doubt was cherished of its efficacy if only it could be made to reach the benighted Russian people to whom it was ostensibly addressed, it being assumed, of course, that the Soviet Government would reserve its most exquisite torture for any-

one found reading or distributing this crushing arraignment of the Soviet regime. Elaborate plans were therefore drawn up for "smuggling" the note into Russia. The New York *Times* of 14 August informed us that

Steps already have been taken, it was said to-day at the State Department, to send the American note on Russia and Poland into Russia through Finland and the Baltic States, and by way of South Russia through the means of communication afforded by the forces of General Wrangel. Other means also, which were not particularized, were alluded to by officials as promising the distribution of the note to the Russian people, for whom it was intended.

And again, on the following day, the news that was "fit to print" included this item:

As a matter of fact, however, many observers concur that the proposal of the American Government to guarantee Russia from invasion is the most far-reaching and promising policy for combatting Bolshevism and restoring Russia. It is based on the undeniable fact that external peace, suspension of military activities and concentration on interior problems is the most effective factor for combatting and undermining the power of Bolshevism from within.

In the light of these comments one can only be amazed at the ease with which the Bolsheviks allowed themselves to be caught in the snare which was spread before their eyes, for it now appears that on 22 August, at a time when we were being informed by our newspapers that the leading commissars of Petrograd were being thrown into the Neva and that uprisings were taking place all over Russia, the Soviet Government apparently decided to help Mr. Colby overthrow itself. On that date the Petrograd *Pravda*, No. 186, the official organ of the Petrograd Communist party, devoted almost a column of its second page to a reprinting of Mr. Colby's note. The document it appears had been received in Petrograd from Copenhagen by the Aosta Telegraphic Agency; and, as might be expected, it had clearly suffered in two transmissions and two translations. Doubtless if Mr. Colby had sent his communication directly to the headquarters of the Petrograd Communist party he could have had it printed in full in an approved translation. But as it is the *Pravda* version of the note, while somewhat mutilated and shortened, shows nowhere any attempt to pervert or soften the meaning, indeed some of Mr. Colby's most abusive passages are reproduced *in toto*. And every appeal to the Russian people, as against their "Bolshevik rulers" is included. The following re-translations of extracts from the *Pravda* version show that the spirit of the original note is pretty faithfully preserved:

America realized that the Russian people were not guilty of ending the war at such a critical period and that the Russian people are not guilty of the Brest-Litovsk surrender.

We do not wish that Russia, which is in the power of a Government which is not representative of the people and which is based exclusively upon brutal force—that Russia should suffer still more from the policy of dismemberment which is being carried on not in Russia's, but in foreign interests.

Without intervention in their internal affairs America still hopes that the Russian people will soon succeed in creating a government which will express their free will. If this takes place America will decide what kind of help she will give the Russian people.

Shortly after the end of the war a certain American magazine of radical sympathies was deterred by fear of a possible interpretation of the Espionage Law from printing in full a criticism of the American Government by Nikolai Lenin. But the *Pravda*, at the height of the Polish and Wrangel campaigns, did not hesitate to present Mr. Colby's violent and inaccurate diatribe to its readers.

One might have expected that Mr. Colby's attack would get some kind of editorial reply, or at least a hostile headline, but the note bears the simple heading: "United States and Soviet Russia"; and there is not a word of comment. Impartial journalism could scarcely go further.

Certainly many things might have been said in reply to Secretary Colby's note. When he denounced the "brutal" and "undemocratic" character of the Soviet Government he might well have been reminded that his own party habitually employs brutality and violence to exclude Negro citizens from the franchise. His unctuous protestations of American "sympathy" with the Russian people might have inspired the retort that this "sympathy" has chiefly expressed itself, of late, in starving them, in lying about them and in exporting weapons to kill them, and it might have been pointed out that his solemn reprobation of the Bolshevik non-observance of treaties (which, by the way, is quite unjustified by the facts) comes with ill grace from the spokesman of an Administration that broke a score of binding engagements and promises in consenting to the Versailles Treaty.

But, as silence is perhaps the best medium for the expression of contempt, the attitude of the Petrograd Communist party towards the communication of the Washington State Department will appear to a good many American citizens as being eminently correct. I am, etc.,

New York City.

JOHN BRADLEY.

BOOKS.

THE RISE OF SINN FEIN.

THE present phase of Irish history marks the culmination of one of the periodical manifestations of heroism displayed by this resurgent people. That Sinn Fein has assumed the central rôle in the contemporary tragedy is less the result of deliberate historical intention than of the sheer force of events.

Sinn Fein, if not the offspring of the movement for the revival of the Irish language, which centred in the Gaelic League, was at least the little brother of the movement. It was born in 1905, at a time when Ireland's national vitality was at low ebb, and it seemed at birth scarcely a robust child. Other fresh, youthful factors were more potent in Irish life at that time. There was the renaissance labour-movement, and there was the republican movement with its impelling undercurrent towards radical social change. These were closely inter-related, but their contacts with Sinn Fein were at first negligible. In fact, their respective leaders distrusted Sinn Fein; the labour-leaders because of its apparent aloofness from the need for drastic social reconstruction, the republicans because of a suspicion that Sinn Fein's domestic political ideals were not far advanced beyond feudalism.

Two men, meanwhile, had been rousing Irish labour from a condition of innocuous Gompersism to a formidable militancy. James Larkin taught Irish labour how to fight and James Connolly gave it the vision of what it was fighting for. There was nothing academic about the leadership of these men. "The revival of the Irish language is a desirable ambition and has our whole-hearted support," wrote Mr. Larkin for the benefit of the Gaelic League, "but the abolition of destitution, disease and the conditions that cause them are even more necessary and urgent. What is the use of bilingualism to a dead man?" Similarly, Mr. Larkin and his associates bluntly demanded of Sinn Fein what difference it made to Irish workers whether they were sweated by London or Ulster or Dublin employers. At the time, Sinn Fein obviously was not prepared to offer an answer to such questions. It was a respectable organization and probably the term "Larkinism" sent cold shivers up its spine. Certainly it showed no particular sympathy for striking workers. But respectability won no victories for Sinn Fein, and for nine years it made virtually no progress.

Yet Sinn Fein ("Self-Help"—"Ourselves Alone") was founded on a vital idea. Its aim in the economic and political life of Ireland was similar to that of the Gaelic League in the cultural field. Its programme was essentially the organization of a passive resistance to British permeation, combined with the encouragement of Irish self-development. In the course of events, its later tactics have come to be a sort of constructive sabotage against British rule. Mr. Arthur Griffith, the founder of Sinn Fein, was apparently inspired with the teachings of Friedrich List, the father of industrial development in Germany, but in practice the movement, involved as it was in problems entirely alien to the experience of List, has borrowed some of the methods of advanced labour the world over. As a tribute to this policy of sabotage, British courts of law stand idle to-day in many parts of Ireland. Justice is being administered—and accepted—by

hedgerow-courts meeting in secret, conducted mostly by fugitives from British military rule. Persons convicted by these courts are sentenced to secret jails, and when the progress to the place of their incarceration is interrupted by an attack by British forces, the prisoners join with their jailers in the fray, to vindicate the right to go to jails of their own choosing!

The chief merit of Sinn Fein was that it offered Ireland something new. Force had failed again and again. Four million people, poor and unarmed, can not fight successfully against a nation of forty million, backed by the wealth of the greatest of empires. Parliamentary effort, too, had failed. With high hopes Ireland had sent men to Westminster time after time, but in that atmosphere of barter and chicane, the conception of Irish freedom had become a mockery of compromises. In short, the men had become politicians.

Yet in spite of the value of its offering, Sinn Fein might never have emerged from the welter of minor Irish factions had it not been for the good offices of its enemies. It was Sir Edward Carson and the mailed fist of British imperialism that made Sinn Fein radical and republican and the symbol of hope and liberty for a united Irish people. Of the situation in Ireland to-day Sir Edward Carson and none other served as precipitant. When, at the beginning of 1914, Sir Edward Carson imported German arms for his Ulster Volunteers and talked of open rebellion against the British Government and its Home Rule Bill, he planted the idea of rebellion firmly in the Irish mind. Sinn Feiners and republicans hailed the outbreak with amusement and appreciation, for it established a valuable precedent. It planted the seeds which blossomed in the Easter Rising in Dublin in 1916. "The rising," says Professor Robert Mitchel Henry in "The Evolution of Sinn Fein," "was not the work of Sinn Fein, but of the leaders of the Republican party in the Irish Volunteers and of the Citizen Army! Of the signers of the proclamation of the Republic, only one had any sort of connexion with Sinn Fein." Yet through a curious misconception, partly fostered by enemies of Sinn Fein, the Easter Rising became associated with the movement in the public mind, and to this day it is commonly known as the Sinn Fein Rebellion.

Thus, by an odd chain of accidents, Sinn Fein has become a force and a power and the rallying point of Irish patriotism. In the general election of 1918, Sinn Fein secured seventy-eight out of one hundred and three Irish members in the British Parliament; one and all pledged *not* to take their seats at Westminster—which, after all, is probably the only safe method of political representation. In the local elections of a year ago, Sinn Fein candidates received upwards of eighty per cent of the total number of votes recorded.

The main points in the above summary are taken from Professor Henry's volume which gives a concise and dispassionate account of the rise of Sinn Fein. Any American who is concerned in having an understanding of present-day Ireland will find here a coherent narrative, vivified by the interplay of distinguished and heroic personalities. It is an achievement to create a picture of a contemporary political movement in which the perspectives are held true. Professor Henry, a Protestant and a member of

the faculty of Queens College, Belfast, seems to have accomplished his task admirably.

Mr. W. P. Ryan, whose book, "The Irish Labour Movement," is a natural complement to Professor Henry's history, was in a more appreciative environment on the editorial staff of the London *Daily Herald*. His historical background is well developed and his contemporary portraits are drawn with a warm sense of personal values. One gathers from his pages that in Ireland, as throughout Europe generally, the great political cleavage will inevitably follow class lines, and it may safely be predicted that the privileged interests in Protestant Ulster will strike hands with Catholic landlords of the South in order to protect their common position against the demands of an Irish Labour party.

Both Professor Henry and Mr. Ryan make it clear that Connolly and Larkin will stand out as great figures in the contemporary heroic phase of Irish history. Both men have been signally honoured. Connolly was not permitted by his captors to die of the terrible wounds he had received in the Easter Rising, but was carefully tended until he could be stood up against a wall and shot, to the greater glory of law and order. As for Mr. Larkin, he is to-day under sentence for ten years at the hands of a certain Mr. Justice Pooh Bah in New York, for holding certain opinions. Such opinions of his as are quoted from Mr. Larkin's newspaper, the *Irish Worker*, in the pages of Professor Henry's and Mr. Ryan's books, would certainly have attracted the sympathetic interest of Americans of the type of Thomas Jefferson.

It can not be said, however, that the two volumes under notice give us a complete picture of contemporary Ireland. Certain powerful forces are working on Irish life to-day that scarcely come within the view of either author. Thus, the greatly exaggerated religious question is not dealt with in these volumes. It would be interesting to have an authentic study of this matter, showing the extent to which it is an economic offshoot, which has been artificially kept alive by the forces of privilege. The strength of republican Ireland is that its leaders are poets and teachers and economists, and not so many concession-hunters and attorneys for privilege. That is an unusual condition, more's the pity, so unusual, indeed, that it makes it difficult for the average American to get a right understanding of Irish values. It is wellnigh impossible for a people long nourished on political mummery to envisage a movement which is not conducted by shift attorneys in the interests of obese and esurient anonymities. Thus we Americans are apt to make a great bother about "the Irish problem." Such a restless, intractable people! The bigoted Catholics! The stubborn Protestants! It's impossible to tell what they really want! If England were to cut the painter, they'd all be at one another's throats; and, besides, there's England's security to remember—Ireland is England's back-door.

The fact of the matter is that the more one studies "the Irish problem" the more clearly it becomes wholly a problem of British psychology. British imperialism has so steeped the British population in its enervating atmosphere, that it is difficult for a decent British citizen to give a thought to Ireland save for a brief interval when some par-

¹ "The Evolution of Sinn Fein." Robert Mitchel Henry. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

² "The Irish Labour Movement." W. P. Ryan. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

ticularly vicious British Administration makes the place smell like an abattoir. Superimposed on this enervating imperialist culture has come the even more lethal ideology of British liberalism, which, after its kind the world over, proclaims theoretical righteousness so persistently and delightfully, but is very well content to leave all practical matters to God.

For the solution of this British problem of Ireland there seems little hope save under two possibilities. One is the coming to power in England of some conservative business Administration possessing an intelligent interest in economics, which would immediately see the obvious thing: that an Ireland held by force is a constant menace to English safety and a very bad asset for English prosperity. With Ireland a bond-slave, intelligence would note that the latchstring of England's back-door hangs out for every enemy of England in every war, and that in time of peace, that same back-door serves as a vent for doubtful packages that disaffect the neighbours. It would note, moreover, that an Ireland in which a good part of the industrial life had to be wrecked, and an appreciable part of the population murdered every few decades by way of discipline, an Ireland whose inhabitants had decreased in number by one half in fifty years, was, on the whole, a pretty poor investment; so poor, indeed, that it was ridiculous not to replace it as quickly as possible by a happy, contented, prosperous and grateful Ireland, a natural food reservoir for the English people, and a great consumer for English manufactures. In brief, such a clear-headed British Administration would realize that England could not afford to have Ireland as a bond-slave. Nothing need be said of moral values in the case, for it is easily demonstrable that such considerations would not lead British, or any other kind of statesmen, to stop murdering Irishmen, or any other kind of men, not in seventy times seven hundred years.

Aside from the remotely possible accession to power of a really intelligent British Administration, the only other British hope that can be seen for Ireland is the coming of the social revolution in England, which would, of course, immediately free the Irish people much more thoroughly than many American friends of Irish freedom would desire.

But to return to practical politics: if through some combination of circumstances, Sinn Fein should eventually succeed in carrying out its programme, the present temper of its leaders clearly foreshadows the setting up of a republic on principles in which the economic well-being of the population would be placed above privilege. "We aim to establish in Ireland a co-operative commonwealth," Mr. Laurence Ginnell, member of the Sinn-Fein Cabinet and of Dail Eireann, testified recently in Washington. This, he pointed out, is in accord with the old Brehon laws, which have been handed down in Ireland from before the dawn of history. "The principle I state and mean to stand upon is this," declared Fintan Lalor, "that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre, is vested in the people of Ireland." This principle, handed down through Connolly and Larkin, sums up the desire of all that is noblest in Ireland to-day.

Possibly the day is coming in Ireland when an organization there of Friends of American Freedom may assist us in this country towards the establishment of our liberties.

HAROLD KELLOCK.

THAT NEIGHBOURLY FEELING.

NOTHING can be more unfortunate for a poet than to have a highly adaptable temperament and a considerable facility in writing. He may for a moment enjoy a considerable vogue, but oblivion is assuredly his in the long run. Examples are so numerous as scarcely to need mention. Mr. Alfred Noyes might be cited as one in our own generation; and Mr. Wilfred Wilson Gibson is assuredly another. I open Mr. Gibson's last volume, "Neighbours," at random, and my eye lights on the following:

Roses he loved and their outlandish names:
Gloire de Dijon, Léonie Lamesch,
Château du Clos Vougeot—like living flames
They kindled in his memory afresh,
As lying in the mud of France, he turned
His eyes to the grey sky, light after light:
And last within his dying memory burned
Château du Clos Vougeot's dying crimson night.

This is a fair sample of the one hundred and sixty-nine pages which are contained in this seventh volume of Mr. Gibson's poetry. It is, I repeat, a fair sample, because a poet who has already to his credit so many books is sufficiently practised in his art to achieve a certain general level of excellence in every poem he writes. This, then, is the level; what does it contain?

It is quite obvious that this poem was not written in an agony of fasting, doubt and prayer. The framework, the scaffolding, is already familiar; it is the well-known device of realistic biography employed by Crabbe in England, and by Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson and Mr. Edgar Lee Masters in America. But the materials contained in the framework amount to no more than this: a soldier loved roses, was killed in France, and died remembering them—surely nothing to make a great fuss about, merely an ordinary incident of this very dull and stupid world. This is certainly not art—could not the baldest of snapshots from the battle-field have told as much, or more?

Ah! but, say Mr. Gibson's admirers, is it not art to say that the soldier died remembering these roses? Yes, it is art, if art consists in saying what is almost certainly not true about this particular soldier. When a poet writes:

My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite;
I laugh at what you call dissolution;

he is not referring to a physical foothold at all, and one can accept his remark for what it is, the perfect figurative expression of a reality beyond physical fact. When another poet writes:

And the fever called living
Is conquered at last;

he does not mean that life is ever physically conquered, but only that it is capable of being spiritually consumed in the will, and his remark accords perfectly with another supernatural reality. But when Mr. Gibson says that a soldier, in the midst of his actual physical agony, dies remembering roses, he is not dealing with fact, he is dealing with opinion, not with reality but with sentimental fantasy.

Such a poet is the victim of circumstances, not the master of them. He can never make his escape from daily life, he can never be anything else than the submitting slave to his environment. He can never learn to love the universe through hating it, nor can he find himself forced to accept new objects for his love. Everything is the same to him, and towards everything he adopts the same feeling of friendliness, of neighbourliness. Towards everything? Well, perhaps there are some exceptions. On Broadway, in Indiana, and by Lake Michigan, our poet-friend seems to have developed considerable twinges of homesickness. Perhaps America and England were not neighbours, after all. In this sense let us rejoice that they were not.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

¹ "Neighbours." Wilfred Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A WOMAN OF SOME IMPORTANCE.

THE patient reader, when he has finished it, will marvel why this book should have aroused so much interest and excitement. It is a curiously unrevealing work, dealing in the main with rather insignificant people, many of whom are interesting for nothing except that the accident of birth placed them in that social class whose principal occupation is entertaining and being entertained. Few of the people mentioned have the romantic interest that attaches to an old aristocracy; the majority, truth to tell, do not belong to an aristocracy at all, but to a narrow and not very well educated *haute bourgeoisie*. They all, however, have this in common—they believe, and not without some excuse, that the world revolves around England; and as they ruled England, at least for some time, they have an easy confidence that they are the most important people in the world. Indeed, Mrs. Asquith has almost no consciousness that any other country exists; she does, it is true, betray a slight awareness of the existence of Germany, but that is mainly on account of the war.

Her father and mother were perfect examples of the bourgeoisie. The father, Sir Charles Tennant, was a common enough type of business man who made a large fortune and spent a good deal of it buying pictures and *objets d'art*. The mother came of an unintellectual family in which it was the fashion not to read. These two people produced no less than twelve children, of whom eight survived. There is a detailed account of all of them in the book. The most brilliant seems to have been Laura, who married Gladstone's nephew, Alfred Lyttleton, and who died in her first childbirth. Her will, quoted in full in this diary, is a poignant revelation of the heart and mind of a young, happy woman who knew that her unborn child was to bring her death. It is a wonderful piece of writing which hardly any woman can read without emotion.

Mrs. Asquith tells us that when she first came to London "she had no friends of fashion to get her invitations to balls or parties," but the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, did his bit in launching her, for after he had noticed her at Ascot, and had commanded her to sit by him at a supper, she was asked everywhere. That she had a vital and attractive personality a great many people beside herself have borne witness, notably such a fastidious critic as Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt, in whose diaries she figures from time to time. Undoubtedly she believes herself to be a very witty and clever woman, but the examples of her wit contained in her diary—a ponderous and impolite wit indeed, it seems—make one think that it may have been easier to be witty when Mrs. Asquith was young than it is now; or perhaps it was always easier to be witty in London than in Dublin or Paris or New York.

On the whole it is, perhaps, remarkable that a lady so unhumorously interested in herself is not more ponderous; for her book, although it reveals nothing or nobody, is extremely readable. Of high politics Mrs. Asquith is profoundly ignorant, although she naively tells us of her political understanding and her political influence. She is ardently admiring of that astonishingly futile group of politicians sometimes referred to as the great Liberal party, yet surely no political party in any country in the world possessing so much power ever accomplished so little of lasting good. Of the opposite party Mrs. Asquith has this to say: "It seems strange to me that the leaders of the great Conservative party have been so often hired bravos or wandering minstrels with whom it can share no common conviction. I have never ceased wondering why it can not produce a man of its own faith. There must be something inherent in its creed that produces sterility." No doubt there is some truth in this. Nevertheless, before Canadian and Ulster adventurers brought into its ranks a narrow middle-class colonial Toryism, the Conservative party may be said to have represented the best of what England stood for.

When Margot Tennant married Mr. Asquith he was a widower with five children, and she was a woman of thirty with many kinds of experience behind her. We are led to believe that she was all along a great heart-breaker, and, "as an old hand," she passes on morsels of advice to the young person inexperienced in the ways of men. She seems to have sat down at night, before she went to bed, and chronicled any compliments paid to her during the day. Far more interesting than these, however, is her account of the affection shown for her by old men like Jowett and Gladstone—tired old men to whom her young, vibrant personality made a warm appeal. Jowett's letters to her, printed in this book, are amongst the most interesting and natural of our time, and are a revelation of the group-*Kultur* mind in the England of the late Victorian period. If the careful student of literature wants a perfect example of insincerity in writing, he will find it on the seventieth page of the second volume in a letter from Henry James. In diction, in sentiment, in vocabulary, its insincerity is such that it touches a point of high comedy. On the next page John Morley contrives a comparison with Madame de Sévigné, but he does it with an airy grace and lightness which places it in the class of polite letter-writing permissible between a courtly old man and a woman eager for flattery. The chapters dealing with these old men, Jowett, Morley, and Gladstone, are the really interesting part of this autobiography; the first a simple and clever man with a wide humanity, the other two types of those statesmen peculiar to England at every period in her history, in whom subtlety, honesty, frankness and hypocrisy are blended into one undefeatable whole.

On the whole, these diaries are entertaining reading, despite the fact that in a couple of years from now none of the things Mrs. Asquith has told will matter at all.

MARY M. COLUM.

IMPRESSIONS AND EXPRESSIONS.

MISS LOLA RIDGE and Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim are typical of two well-marked tendencies in contemporary American poetry. Mr. Bodenheim seeks in art to elude life; Miss Ridge attempts by art to seize life. Miss Ridge, at her best, is a gallant expressionist. Mr. Bodenheim is never more than an unwilling impressionist. In one poem alone in his recent volume,¹ "South State Street: Chicago," does Mr. Bodenheim recall the nervous vigour of Miss Ridge; nowhere in hers,² is Miss Ridge content with the word-pattern beauty of Mr. Bodenheim.

Mr. Bodenheim's titles, *Advice to a Street Pavement*, *to a Buttercup*, *to a River Steamboat*, etc., convey to the reader an impression of delicate whimsicality. Advice we know is not to be deliberately administered as such through a poetical medium. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bodenheim's intricate and tricky imagination is poetical but not that of a poet. His images (he speaks often in simile, seldom in metaphor) are sometimes subtle, frequently charming, but they are not emotionally inevitable. One conjectures that a few words, beautifully placed, float into his mind and that he weaves a pattern about them. Mr. Bodenheim's decorative sense is distinguished, and embroidering his verses are many memorable phrases. If his subtle fancy were emotionally impelled it might be the instrument of a true subjective revelation, but Mr. Bodenheim can not abandon himself to the life that is in him. He has the mental intricacy to convey a richly complex emotion, but his muse is a *demi-vierge*.

Miss Ridge's title-poem, "Sun-up," has none of the acid-bitter imagery that made "The Ghetto" of her previous volume vivid as with a ravaged beauty, yet "Sun-up" marks an advance towards her æsthetic goal. The simplicity of its autobiographic theme of childhood has permitted her to achieve an emotional synthesis that is as rare as it is complete. "The Ghetto" glowed with op-

¹ "Advice and Other Poems." Maxwell Bodenheim. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

² "Sun-up and Other Poems." Lola Ridge. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

¹ "Margot Asquith: an Autobiography." New York: George H. Doran Company.

posing contacts: in it sparks of revelation were struck from the angles of experience. "Sun-up" is the dissolving circle of the child's inner life on which the outer world impinges but slightly. The crowded "Ghetto" has sometimes the luridness of an artificially illumined midnight. "Sun-up" has the dream-vagueness of dawn. In "The Ghetto" images clustered on the theme like fruits on a vine. "Sun-up" unfolds from itself like flowers out of a stem. It is an authentic achievement in one of the most difficult fields of poetry—one of the few instances in which the simplicity of the child's approach has been conveyed with a conviction almost unmarred by conscious *naïveté*.

Miss Ridge succeeds better in her long poem than in some of the shorter verse which follows. The section of the book called "Windows" is not altogether satisfactory. One seems to detect an effort on the part of the artist. Here she can not achieve vividness of emotion because her subjects are sterile. When Miss Ridge succeeds, it is through the subtle quality of inspiration: if feeling does not point her mood she is blind to its unique significances. Occasionally, moreover, she seems about to trade her birthright of art for a mess of doctrinaire pottage. But she somehow retrieves herself and, as in the poem called "In Harness," creates out of the material of the soap-box orator something that is æsthetically as well as morally exhilarating.

C. KAY SCOTT.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

THE other day, the London Guild of Builders—a federation of the building-trades unions in the London District, organized for the purpose of building houses by "direct labour": i.e., without the intervention of contractor or middleman—signed its first contract; and with this, says its most enthusiastic promoter, Mr. Malcolm Sparkes, "the curtain rings up on one of the most adventurous experiments of our time." But there is nothing new under the sun. That production should be carried on by trade unions, says J. M. Ludlow, the friend and colleague of Frederick Dennison Maurice and Charles Kingsley, writing in 1892, "has been my ideal for the last forty years, ever since I thoroughly understood what a trade union was. That is what we old Christian Socialists preached to the Amalgamated Engineers in 1852." Not only did they preach it, but they made practical beginnings quite as promising as the new "Guild of Builders (London) Limited." Nor was there any lack of definition in their purpose. When the Central Co-operative Agency was formed in the fall of 1851, it urged upon the trade unions the need of substituting "for a mere defensive organization, the application of the principle of direct association for production, distribution and consumption." There can, moreover, be little doubt that their most formidable critic, W. R. Greg, stated their ultimate aim correctly when he said that they will proceed to complete their undertaking by uniting all the Associations in each trade into one vast *guild*, governed by a central committee, and finally by effecting a union of these guilds into one gigantic fraternal combination which shall be directed by delegates from all the guilds. By this means, the whole of the industrial relations of society will be revolutionized; and [he adds in a curious anacoluthon] the noble Christian and pacific principle of concert and co-operation will be substituted for the selfish and wicked one of competition.

All this interesting story and much more besides has been gathered together by Mr. C. E. Raven in his very admirable book, "Christian Socialism."¹ It was high time that we had in English an authoritative work upon the brilliant and fascinating episode which gathers mainly around the names of Maurice and Kingsley, written by one whose own traditions endow him with the gift of sympathetic understanding, but whose faculty of criticism is none the less keen and balanced. Following, as it does, works like Mr. Beer's "History of English Socialism" and Mr. Mark Hovell's and Mr. Julius West's accounts of Chartism, Mr. Raven's volume fills an important place in

the history of the second stage of the social ferment in Victorian England.

The story which Mr. Raven tells, in these pages, will do much to accentuate the growing scepticism of the value of our traditional political institutions for social progress. Here was a movement which prospered, in the teeth of many difficulties, until it came into contact with politics; and it received its quietus, as far as its social activity is concerned, during one of those outbreaks of frenzied super-politics which we call war. Maurice and his friends were socialists in the early English sense, in the sense in which Robert Owen used the word—as the antithesis, not of individualism, but of politicalism. The Christian Socialists attempted to do, in the middle years of the century, what Robert Owen had tried to do in the middle 'thirties. Their plan was to inspire and help the workers to work out their own salvation by their own co-operative effort, by voluntary association for production and distribution. But while Robert Owen looked to the innate good-will of human nature to carry the scheme, Maurice maintained that the enterprise could not succeed, without a religious, even a specifically Christian impulse. That both Owen and the Christian Socialists perceived that somehow or other at the back of their problem there was a question of land, is plain enough; but neither appears to have understood its essential bearing upon their own programme.

Of late years, the Christian Socialists have been too much regarded as a group of well-meaning dreamers; but the contemporary judgment upon them was that they were dangerous radical agitators. Their bitterest foes were of their own household, their fellow churchmen; and their churchmanship laid them open to the suspicion of the reformers of the Owenite school and of the workers whom they desired to help. It speaks much, not only for the strength of their impulse, but for the essential soundness of their aims, that they survived the frontal attacks of frightened Tories as well as the cross-fire of ecclesiastical and socialist critics. It is impossible here to appraise the human quality of the men who composed this small group; but of their courage, pertinacity, ability, and foresight no critic ever had any doubt. Mr. Raven gives us a series of convincing pictures of the leaders; and in assigning to Ludlow his proper place in the movement, he does a necessary act of long delayed justice.

The Christian Socialists of 1850 sowed well; their economic theory has outlived the politico-mechanical socialism of Marx and the Fabians and to-day holds the field, in England, at least, in the form of Guild Socialism and in experiments like the "Guild of Builders"; and all that is vital in modern Anglicanism traces its quickening to the social vision of Maurice and his friends. The faith of the Christian Socialists in the education of the workers created the Working Men's College in 1852; and from that time, in spite of many vicissitudes, the education of the adult worker has gone on, through the Mechanics Institutes, the Co-operative Societies, and other agencies, until it has reached its most fruitful organ in the tutorial classes of the Workers' Educational Association of to-day. It is not claimed that either in education or in economics a solution has been reached, or an ideal realized; but a highway has been made in the jungle, and is still in the making. Not the least distinguished of the road-makers were the Christian Socialists.

RICHARD ROBERTS.

SHORTER NOTICES.

FROM being himself one of the most kindly and tolerant of men, Abraham Lincoln appears to be developing in this age into a veritable battle-ground for controversy. His most plain-spoken utterances are being used as pegs to hang arguments upon, and every man seems ready to quote Lincoln for his purpose. Now, for example, comes forward Dr. John Wesley Hill, in "Abraham Lincoln: Man of God,"¹ a book which resembles nothing so much as the kind of Lincoln's birthday sermon which a preacher with no regard for the passage of time might deliver. It is eulogy—long drawn out, with history for background and a copious style for up-

¹ "Christian Socialism." C. E. Raven. New York: The Macmillan Company.

¹ "Abraham Lincoln: Man of God." John Wesley Hill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

holstery. After a tribute by Premier Lloyd George, a foreword by General Wood, an introduction by President-elect Harding, and a preface by the author, one is fully prepared for the leisurely, lavish periods, written as though the literature of the world had never been enriched by the Gettysburg address, with its supreme lesson in the beauty of brevity. But if Dr. Hill has been diffuse, he has, at any rate, not sinned as voluminously as Mr. William E. Barton, who has expanded what might well have been a concise monograph on "The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln"¹ into a tome of encyclopædic proportions. Mr. Barton disposes of the rumours concerning the illegitimate birth of Lincoln to his own complete satisfaction and to the entire exhaustion of the reader. In his zeal to run down every myth, he sets up seven sires and then demolishes them one by one, with such an outpouring of document and testimony that all is lost save honour. Upon setting out to prepare this book, "the author determined to make it unnecessary for any one else ever to do so; and he sincerely believes that in this he has succeeded." In this conviction the reviewer readily concurs. L. B.

IN "The Best Plays of 1919-1920"² the American theatre has at last a volume of statistics and information dealing with the complete work of a New York season. It is not as adequate a year-book as might be desired, and the publishers have for some unknown reason chosen to include neither a table of contents nor an index, and to supply no page-headings to guide the floundering reader. But Mr. Burns Mantle, its editor, has gathered together an interesting array of facts about last season's plays, their casts and plots, the length of their runs, the necrology of the year and brief reviews of the London and Paris stages. It differs from most stage year-books published abroad in giving about two-thirds of its space to summaries of the best plays of the season. Mr. Mantle has chosen "Abraham Lincoln," "Beyond the Horizon," "The Famous Mrs. Fair," "Jane Clegg," "Clarence," "Déclassée," "The Jest," "Adam and Eva," "Wedding Bells," and "Mamma's Affair" as the outstanding pieces combining literary with popular qualities. Except for the inclusion of "Adam and Eva" and the omission of Mr. Somerset Maugham's "Too Many Husbands," the selection seems thoroughly adequate. The summaries are excellent. K. M.

It is a commentary upon the current stuffing and maiming of children's minds, often carelessly referred to as education, that Mr. Van Loon's "Ancient Man"³ must be welcomed as an extraordinary production. Children ought, as a matter of course, to have such literature, devoid of the vicious explicitness of text-books and of the usual bill-of-fare of a cold-boiled world. In his preface, Mr. Van Loon avows his respect for minds about to grapple with the adventure of living, minds for which history can be nothing less than a narrative devised to make their own lives and the culture in which they function intelligible. Accordingly, from the mass of writing which is anthropology and ancient history, even from biblical legend, Mr. Van Loon has chosen to re-phrase such movements of population and of empire, the emergence of such significant contrivances as seem to him to have determined the movement of our time. There is no bowing and scraping before what Mr. Carl Sandburg calls that bucket of ashes, the past. To call Mesopotamia a Semitic melting-pot of races is to give it a memorable character for young Americans. Phœnician writing loses nothing in interest when it is likened to shorthand. These examples and others illustrate Mr. Van Loon's adaptation to the juvenile understanding of the concept which Mr. H. G. Wells has undertaken to popularize for adults: that narrative history must attempt to gather and hold in mind a continuous process culminating in an ever-changing present. If, to the adult reading his volume, Mr. Van Loon conveys a sense of the uncertainty and arbitrariness of historical writing, on children his work must have the effect of stimulating their curiosity. This pageant of vanished civilizations, the vivid and bold colour-drawings with which he has met the child's apprehension more than half-way, are a challenge to the imagination of any reader. His maps, themselves whimsical pictures, serve as indices and charts to the past he is drawing into relation with the present. One is sometimes conscious of Mr. Van Loon as narrator: but one readily forgives him his assertiveness for his lack of pretension. H. J. S.

¹ "The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln." William E. Barton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

² "The Best Plays of 1919-1920." Burns Mantle. Boston: Small, Maynard and Co.

³ "Ancient Man." Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Boni and Liveright.

IN the first volume of his "English Pageantry," published in 1918, Mr. Withington traced the different elements of English pageantry from the earliest sources, and gave a detailed history of its use from Elizabethan times to the present in connexion with royal entries, coronations, and other ceremonies. In the second and concluding volume,¹ Mr. Withington gives a similar chronicle of the Lord Mayor's Show through the past seven centuries, describing each year's procession as minutely as existing records permit. His treatment of the modern English and American pageant is equally thorough: he has classified a vast amount of rather heterogeneous material, from political processions and the outdoor festivals on college campuses to anniversary commemorations and expressions of the communal spirit on a large scale. Together with descriptive details, he presents criticism of the different aspects and possibilities of the modern pageant, considering that its aim is "to interest and educate the people; to arouse a civic pride and a community spirit, patriotism, humility, and a love of the beautiful; and to show the community what it can itself accomplish toward this end." Besides making a plea for greater accuracy in the portrayal of historical events and personages, and for less confusion of the individual with the typical, and of literal representation with symbolism and allegory, he urges also a greater emphasis on the relation between the pageant and the future life of the community and insists that it must be entirely free from commercialism or professionalism in order that it may remain what Mr. Mackaye calls a real "poetry for the masses." This broad vision, combined with accurate definitions of the elements and types of pageant and festival and a detailed record of past achievements, makes Mr. Withington's work, while incidentally interesting to the lay reader, of the highest practical value as an authority and encyclopædia for the worker in the field of community drama. L. R. S.

EX LIBRIS.

THE letters of a philosopher usually have the primary, if not exclusive, interest of elucidating and extending in an informal way the ideas expounded in his professional writings. It is for this interest that one would turn to the letters of a thinker who was nothing but a thinker, such as Kant (if, indeed, there is a collection of Kant's letters), and to the correspondence of such a philosopher as Nietzsche, who, aside from his technical contributions to human wisdom, presents fascinating problems in human character, personality, biography. The letters of William James² have two distinct values. They appear at the same moment with his "Collected Essays and Reviews"³; and the two publications, taken together, complete the intellectual record of the man. Though master and man can not be separated, yet, as good disciples of James's pluralism, we may be permitted to divide an individual into two "aspects." James, the philosopher, I am incompetent to discuss, though I shall try to do so in another article. Here and now let us enjoy the letters, simply as the letters of a man who was, incidentally, a philosopher.

AND what letters! The letters of Lamb, of Edward Fitzgerald, are not more delightful. The easiest and pleasantest way to prove that would be to fill the rest of this page with quotations, and that way would be in consonance with the whimsical spirit of James, who wrote to his youngest son: "Your Ma thinks you'll grow up into a philosopher like me and write books. It is easy enough, all but the writing. You just get it out of other books and write it down." To write a jolly letter to a child, to ridicule yourself and your profession and at the same time to defend an idea with vigour and determination, to poke fun at colleagues and heartily respect them, to be dignified in mental shirt-sleeves, to wink one eye and keep two keen eyes on the page or the fact that has to be studied, to fling words with apparent carelessness and never for a moment to lose control of words or thought—all this means a great character and a fine literary artist.

¹ "English Pageantry." Vol. II. Robert Withington. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

² "The Letters of William James." Edited by his son Henry James. Two Vols. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

³ "Collected Essays and Reviews." William James. New York: Longmans, Green and Co.

JAMES says of Duveneck, the painter: "I have seen very little of him. The professor is an oppressor of the artist, I fear." It may be that the professor, which James was and officially had to be, oppressed the artist in him. But the artist would not down. If all the philosophic work of James were wiped out by an act of God or by the arguments of philosophers, James the literary artist would still survive. I believe that part of the success of James as philosopher was due to his ability to say what he meant not only with logical clarity but with charm, with the skill of the literary artist. Technical Philosophy may immortalize or bury his work. The man, the startling, original person must be imperishable. No matter what subject he touches, his way of saying things is superb. He had an artist's interest in the art of writing. Of a volume of his essays he says: "I am sure of your sympathy in advance for much of their contents. But I am afraid that what you will never appreciate is their wonderful English style! Shakespeare is a little street-boy in comparison!" The wise man has his tongue in his cheek, of course, but there is a serious idea behind the fooling. Of a correspondent's "strictures on my English" he writes: "I have a tendency towards too great colloquiality." What sort of laborious philosopher was it who worried James about his style, his fluent, accurate, poetic vehicle of thought? It may be that some of James's philosophic ideas are quite wrong. But there is a presumption in favour of the truth of an idea which is well expressed.

JAMES argues somewhere that a style as thick as Hegel's can not be the "authentic mother-tongue of reason." If that is unfair to Hegel, it is a fair revelation of the mind of James. He was an advocate and an exemplar of lucidity of expression, and was always putting to himself and other philosophers the plain question: "Just what do you mean?" But his sharpness of mind, though often aggressive, was never offensive. He seems at times to have dulled the edge of his wit in order not to hurt the other fellow. The editor of the letters has, perhaps wisely, "not included letters that are wholly technical or polemic." Probably the ideas expressed in the technical letters are repeated in James's books. But I should like to see the polemic letters. The editor himself in the act of withholding them has defined their merits: "He rejoiced openly in the controversies which he provoked and engaged in polemics with the good humour and vigour that were the essence of his genius." The touches of polemical writing that appear in the correspondence that is given us reveal this good humour and vigour and make one hungry for more. He was staunch and dexterous in argument and never yielded an inch, but he could stop and laugh at his opponent and at himself. He objected to Huxley's somewhat solemn devotion to "Truth," yet he had a kind of skill in argument that was not unlike Huxley's. He could give a man a smashing blow in the ribs, and even show a quite human irritation, but his exquisite courtesy never failed. His letters to Godkin, of the *Nation*, protesting against unfair criticism of the work of the elder Henry James, are a lesson for critics, and no doubt Godkin's reply was a model of magnanimous contrition.

JAMES had an immense variety of interests outside philosophy, though perhaps it is unphilosophical to imply that anything can lie outside the range of a true philosopher's vision. His letters are written to many different kinds of people; the best of them, naturally, are to philosophers and men of letters, who evoked from him an amazing multiplicity of ideas and to whom he let fly a delicious compound of sound reason and jocularity. In characterizing other men he characterized himself. For example, what he says about Royce embraces both men perfectly: "that unique mixture of erudition, originality, profundity and vastness, and human wit and leisureliness." He was fortunate in his human and intellectual contacts. An early and abidingly fortunate contact was that with his father, who was also a "filosofer." His last letter to his father is beautiful. It brings tears, of which the most

stoical philosopher need not be ashamed; indeed, one might rather be ashamed if the tears did not come. No one outside the family and a few friends has a right to read that letter, but print has extended the privilege. If Mr. E. V. Lucas or any other anthologist makes a new collection of examples of "the gentlest art," the letter from James to his father should be included. In it two men are portrayed, father and son, both magnificently; if either man had been less than great the letter could not have been written.

JAMES was born a philosopher; philosophy was in the blood and in the very air of the household. There is no better instance of the heredity of genius and of predestination to a career. Yet James did not find himself immediately; he floundered about in the world of thought long after the age at which most men have hung out shingles. He was thirty when he was appointed instructor in physiology at Harvard, and his tardiness in establishing himself as a bread-winning citizen fretted him. Lesser men who feel that the expression of their talents has been thwarted or postponed may take comfort from the fact that James's first printed book, the "Psychology," appeared in 1890, when he was forty-eight years old.

THE fact that James was an intellectual roamer and did not proceed docilely from a doctor's degree to a position as teacher, in a groove for ever, accounts, in part, for the flexibility and variety of his thought. His "dribbling," as he calls it, during years when he suffered from physical illness and a depressing sense of impotence, was not altogether bad for the man or for the philosopher. He wandered about Europe, became bilingual, if not trilingual (he was never quite happy in German speech or German philosophy). His learning was enriched with odds and ends of information such as belong rather to the man of the world than to the professor. If he had lived all his life in Königsberg or Cambridge he would have been neither Kant nor James. To him philosophy was never an affair of remote abstract heavens or of little dusty classrooms. He served academic interests faithfully and did more than any other man to make the department of philosophy at Harvard the finest thing in American university life. But he was in constant rebellion against the academic world and, indeed, against all institutionalism. He wrote to Thomas Davidson: "Why is it that everything in this world is offered to us on no medium terms between either having too much of it or too little? You pine for a professorship. I pine for your leisure to write and study." Yet he had more leisure and freedom than most men. He went abroad whenever he wanted to go, and never knew what it was to be down to his last dollar.

HIS lateness in finding himself professionally and philosophically is, perhaps, related to his perpetual youth, his eagerness for new ideas, his inability to be fixed and settled. He sometimes grasped at ideas too hastily and welcomed such new arrivals as Wells and Chesterton with a heartiness which, perhaps, they do not quite deserve. But that was the fault of his enthusiastic catholicity. He hated shut minds and shut doors of thought and feared nothing except that some possibly valuable inquiry might be hindered or stopped by stupidity and prejudice. His colleague, Professor Palmer, called him "the finest critical mind of our time." Let the philosophers decide whether that is excessive praise. We mere laymen can know him and enjoy him as he reveals himself in his letters, a vivacious, humorous, affectionate man.

JOHN MACY.

THE following recent books are recommended to readers of the *Freeman*:

"Fugitive Essays," by Josiah Royce. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

"The Schoolmistress and Other Stories," by Anton Chekhov. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"Collected Essays and Reviews," by William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

E pur si muove !

THE world do move. The farmers of the North-west, for example, are learning to sell their wheat co-operatively, to prevent the price from being manipulated by speculators. Other producers are following suit. The labour-world is endeavouring to organize its own news-service, in order not to depend upon agencies holding other prejudices than their own. The telephone companies of the East are talking about installing automatic instruments whose adoption will eliminate needless waste of time and vocal energy. Some judges have abandoned the garb of staid old ladies and dress like plain men when administering justice. Religions are no longer the mysterious property of a few great churches—anybody can start a new cult provided he has money and a press-agent.

And so with the interpretation of current events in politics, in economic thought, in art and literature. The pompous phrasing of the elect fails to deceive as widely as before. There are fewer inner sanctuaries. A generation is here that wants “straight goods” where buncombe grew before.

That is why the FREEMAN has a growing constituency among men and women of plastic minds; that is why the teachers and students (even the presidents, here and there) in American universities are beginning to swear by the FREEMAN; that is why you so frequently hear among the thinkers and doers, “The Freeman says—.”

THE FREEMAN, INC., B. W. Huebsch, *President*,
116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y.

I hold with Galileo. The world revolves without my assistance, but I want to help my friends to keep pace with the motion. Therefore these subscriptions.

Name	Period	Address	City and State
.....
.....
.....
.....			
SENDER'S NAME			
.....			
AND ADDRESS			

Price of the FREEMAN: In the United States, postpaid, 52 issues, \$6.00; 26 issues, \$3.00; 10 issues, \$1.00. In Canada, 52 issues, \$6.50; 26 issues, \$3.25; 10 issues, \$1.00. In other foreign countries, 52 issues, \$7.00; 26 issues, \$3.50; 10 issues, \$1.00.